JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 22, 1938. VOL. LXIV. 1638.

JOHN BULL

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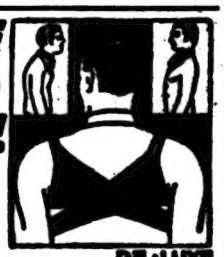

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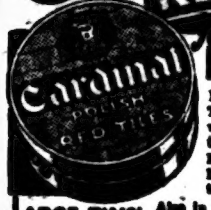

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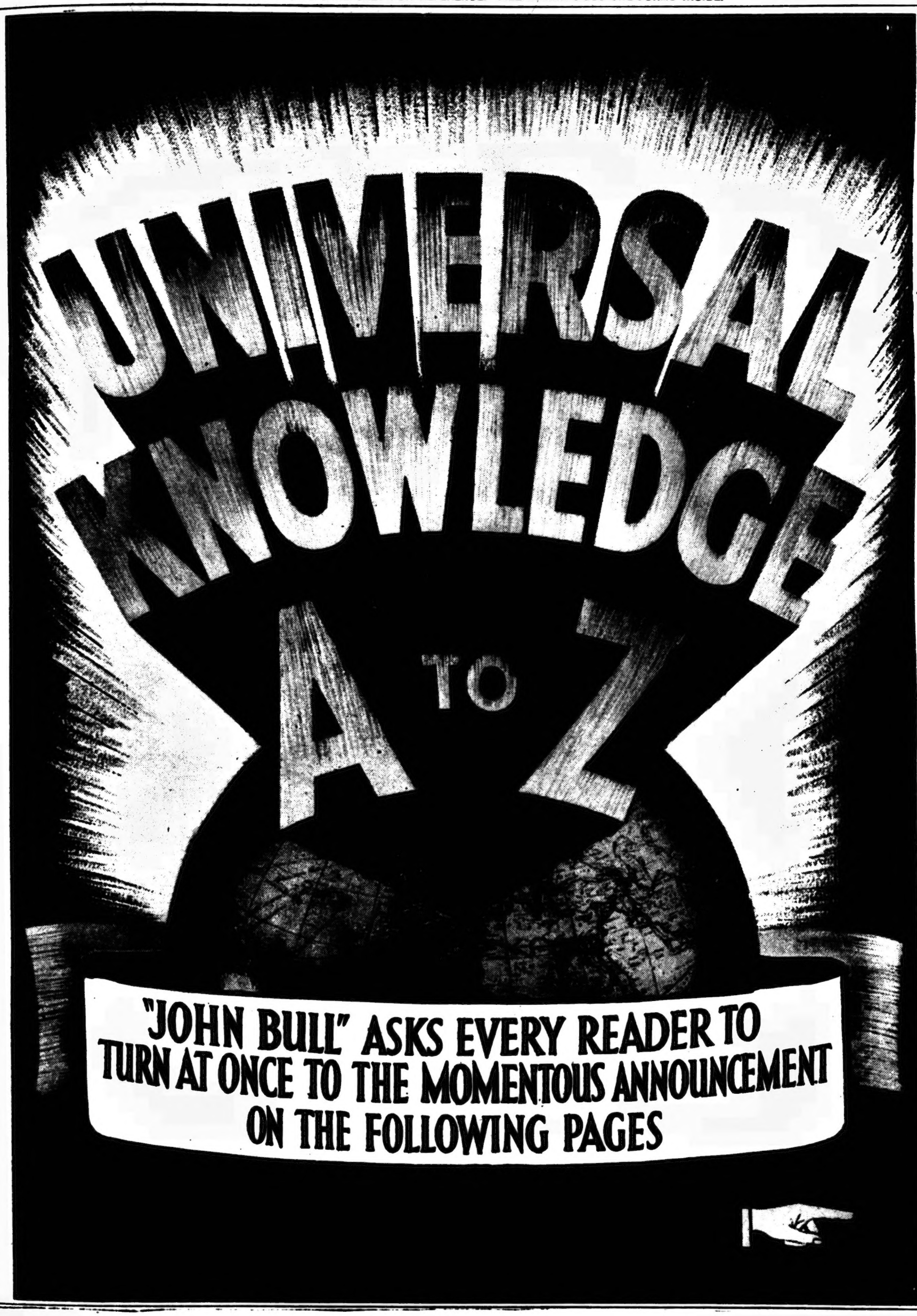
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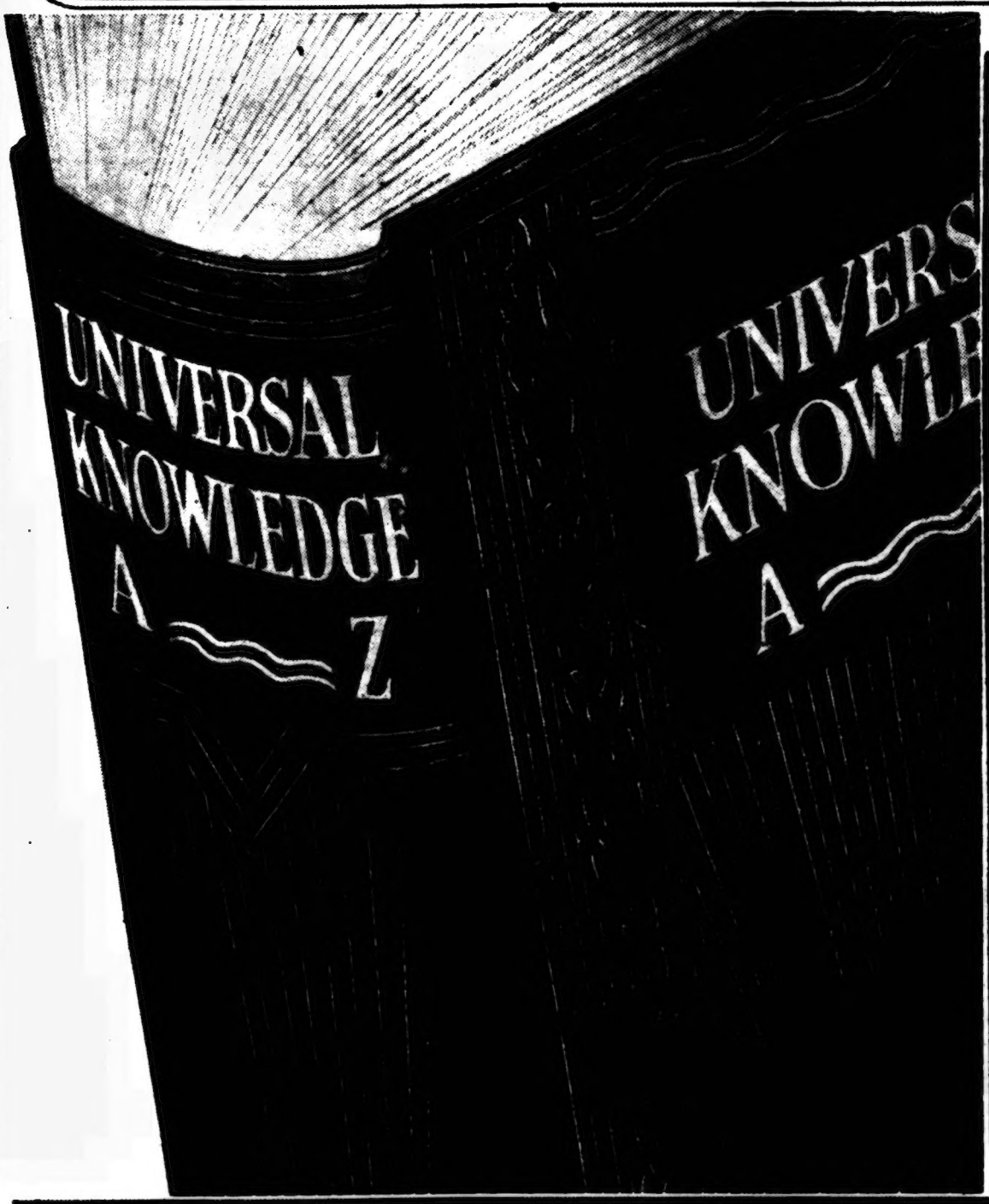

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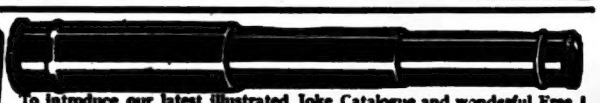

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What are you going to do with this Future? What are you going to do with this New Found Freedom? Take my fatherly advice and use it to good advantage. The long nights are here; turn them into money.

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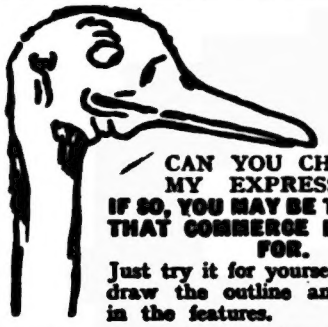
or on the high seas, a good supply of lessons is given, so that they may be done in their order, and despatched to us for examination and correction. They are then sent back with more work, and in this way a continuous stream of work is always in transit from the Student to us and from us to the Student, therefore distance makes no difference.



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Thursday, for week ending Saturday, October 22, 1938.

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Build Up the Home Front!

TURN from foreign affairs. Take stock of Britain.

Feel pride in our assets, resolve to lessen our liabilities. Make the good things better; end the disgraces still in our midst!

Time is ripe for such resolves. Why? Because in a few days' time Parliament meets again. Because, on the same day, 11,000,000 of our people will have a chance to elect new borough councils.

If you're one of those millions, use your vote. Think carefully before you make your X.

Vote for the man you think will do most for your town, will save wisely and spend wisely.

Start Spending

Yes, spend. True that council debts have risen from £500,000,000 to about four times that sum in twenty years.

But remember it wouldn't be so gigantic if the State hadn't pushed the cost of unemployment assistance, A.R.P. and other national burdens on to local rates.

Remember that education costs only 3½d. a head on your rates each year. Is that squandermania?

More Homes

Is it crazy spending to house your fellow-citizens decently?

In a single generation sixteen million people have been given new homes.

Admirable! Yet a million still languish in slums unfit for pigs, millions more suffer overcrowding's perils to health and morals.

5s. Palaces

Build houses for the poor!

Some councils are providing miniature palaces for rents of 5s. and 6s. a week. What they can do, others can.

The Old Folk

Build not only for poor families, but for aged couples!

Glasgow leads the way. Flats for old folk hitherto driven into the poorhouse.

Meals in their own rooms or a central dining-hall. Pleasant furniture. Their own wireless, bathroom, choice of open fires or steam-heating.

Fairer Rates

Is it wicked to give homely comfort to the aged? Glasgow's answer is John Bull's.

Glasgow, too, supports London's demand for fairer rating.

Is it right that wealthy corporations should be de-rated and their responsibilities put on the shoulders of private residents and small shopkeepers?

If you think not, tell your M.P.!

Forgotten Men

That's one subject Parliament *will* soon debate. Here's another it *should* debate:

In seven years nearly 140,000 miners have been thrown on the scrap-heap owing to mechanisation.

Make the industry keep them, not leave them to rot!

Toll of Wives

Miners, of course, have a dangerous job anyway. We all know that. But did you know that their wives also have a high death-rate?

Every aged couple should be as happy as this Darby and Joan—and it isn't squandermania to build comfortable homes for them

The Registrar-General says so in his new report.

Seek the reason in the miners' too low wages!

Gilded Gluttons

Again, the wives of unskilled workers have an alarming mortality rate. Wives of well-paid professional men live long.

As for the very rich, their worst enemies are the diseases caused by overeating!

Finally, the difference in the death-rate between prosperous towns and poor towns hits you in the face.

Wealthy and Healthy

Hard work kills no one, they say. But low wages kill thousands.

High wages mean health, comfort, contentment.

Let Parliament and industry remember this report.

Hear no Evil . . .

And what of those men and women who get no wages at all? Who are made to go short of food, forced into the valley of despair?

Our gaunt army of 1,800,000 workless citizens mock our conscience, reproach our rulers.

How much longer will Parliament stop its ears to their cries?

Paid to Play

Even work at decent wages is not enough.

Holidays-with-pay for all!

Let that be turned from a dream to reality during the coming session.

Showing the Way

Yes, but there must be accommodation for the millions who will thus enjoy a stay by the seaside for the first time.

Some firms are starting holiday camps for their workers. Ten shillings for a week's stay; 1s. for a week-end; 1d. a week subscription!

State Must Help

All praise to those firms! What of those who cannot afford such schemes?

Give them State assistance. Let there be State camps for the staffs of firms unwilling or too small for that plan.

Let it be done now. Not too soon to think of next year's harvest!

How Farmers Fare

No, nor too late to remember this year's crops.

How have our farmers fared? Well with wheat and some vegetables; ruinously with fruit.

They are demanding guaranteed prices to stimulate production; they should get them.

Grow More Food

Absurd that, while millions are in want, we make no effort to grow more food!

Disgraceful that we are letting our fertile land become barren, its skilled and valuable toilers lose their livelihood!

And it will be shameful if our M.P.s do not tackle this vital affair during the coming months.

Costly Law

If they have any time left over, they might consider the law about the Law.

Legal costs remain high, so high that they often prevent justice being done.

Court machinery can no longer be blamed, for it's been oiled in recent years.

Prune these Bills

But nothing has been done about costs incurred before a case comes to court.

Some solicitors' charges are scandalous. Some legal officer—a Master, say—should be given power to prune them.

Your Job

On all these matters you can make your voice heard.

And you should, if you want a better Britain.

When you complain about Democracy's drawbacks, remember that Democracy means You.

Parsons in Poverty

There are other matters where you can probably force reforms. The Church, for example.

The Archdeacon of Northumberland attacks "wire-pulling" for big Church posts. He comments also on the tremendous gaps between the stipends of parsons and bishops.

Well, Church members can wield power even in the jealous preserves of the prelates. Why don't they?

Speak Up!

Do your part, also, in stamping out the dreadful cruelty to children and animals that is dishonouring the name of Britain.

If you know a cruel parent, don't just sigh. Tell the authorities.

It isn't sneaking to save a child from physical and mental torture.

Write To Us

To conclude, here's a ray of hope on a gloomy subject:

Income-tax payers are now receiving their assessments for 1938-39.

If you have any doubt that you are not being allowed full reliefs and rebates, or that you are entitled to concessions ceded in the last Budget, write to our Income Tax Expert, John Bull, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped addressed envelope for free advice.

Jail the crisis profiteers!

Reports on their trickery are being collected at the Labour Party headquarters from three hundred towns and districts.

When the dossier is complete it will provide the ammunition for a bombardment of Parliamentary questions.

Evidence is already overwhelming.

Here is one typical example. Plymouth needed 300,000 sandbags for raid shelters; the price asked was 10d. a bag. A month before the same bags were on offer at 1½d.

Almost every municipal authority suffered the same kind of extortion.

Timber prices rose by no less than £8 per standard, and corrugated iron by £6 per ton. The cost of picks and shovels for trench digging jumped by 50 per cent.

Emergency A.R.P. measures cost local authorities no less than £16,000,000.

And of that great total more than £6,000,000 was illicit profit.

Not enough to see that this never happens again! Let Parliament decide to punish the A.R.P. Harpies!

Do you know?

What was the origin of "Hobson's Choice"?

Are working people "proletarians"?

Why do we say "Hear, hear!"?

Is bombing more dangerous than gunfire?

For the answers, see the letters at the bottom of columns three and four.

VOICE of the PEOPLE

AS I live in Canada my comments on the European crisis will reach you late.

I crossed the U.S.-Canadian boundary into Buffalo last week. And in the main street there I saw our Canadian Scouts marching along with the Union Jack at their head.

They had just paid a return visit to American Scouts—and American mothers and fathers in the streets were smiling at them lovingly as they marched towards the border—and home.

I thought of Europe's concrete defences bristling with guns, of the possibilities of tens of millions of men having to lay down their lives over boundary quarrels, and I wondered: "How long, O Lord, how long!"—H. A. Moxon, New Street, Burlington, Ontario.

It took a mere 300 labourers 15 months to "build" the U.S.-Canadian border from Atlantic to Pacific in accordance with the Ashburton Treaty. Apart from cutting an avenue through 300 miles of forest, all that was necessary was a white cast-iron pillar every mile. No troops guard that border: not a life has been lost in attacking or defending it.

Poles of Peril

Why is it that a train and all its occupants can be endangered by a telegraph pole blown over the rails by the wind?

Surely poles, trees, everything that might cause such peril, should either be sawn down or moved to a safer distance from the metals.—G. Hitchens, 942, Shields Road, Walkergate, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

All lines are surveyed regularly for unsafe trees. As for telegraph poles, Post Office says it is aiming at replacing the overhead wires with underground cables. In our view, it should pull down unsafe poles first—and we include among them thousands that are pressed right up to the public highways.

Too True . . .

Hustled by a ship's crew in dockland recently, I asked, "Where's your captain?"

Hiccoughed one of them: "The captain's always the last to leave the ship."

Then I looked at the building they were just leaving. It was "Ye Olde Shippe Inn."—T. Osborn, junior, Lynnwood, The Green, Allonby, Cumberland.

Helping Bill Sikes

No burglar tries to get in by the front door.

So all front doors are given individual locks.

The back door, secluded and unlighted, is favoured by marauders of the night.

So a mass-produced lock, worked by a key that will open hundreds of other doors, is favoured by builders.—Edith Race, 46, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

Many burglars concentrate on front doors, picking away the strips of lead that hold pieces of coloured glass in position. "Flannelfoot" concentrated on forcing French windows by a trick we will not reveal. One burglar operating in the London district actually prefers "individual" locks. But commonest trick, nowadays, is to inspect houses in course of building, take an impression of the key, and enter them when a family has moved in.

It Sounds Good . . .

Attacked by a bull, I remembered advice given to me when I was a youngster. I stood still and stared it out.

I am wondering what would have happened if I had made a run for it.—J. H. P., Cumbernauld Road, Stepps, Glasgow.

Bull-fighters stand still and try to assert their will over the bull, say that once you take to flight the bull knows what to do with you. But we'd still put faith in a fast pair of legs.

Ritual Reading

Do many people, I wonder, read their JOHN BULL as I do?

I start off by running right through the paper for the lighter and shorter articles.

I follow this up with a second exploration for "Voice of the People," Humanist, Pools Parliament (in season), Readers' Stories and Sir Wyndham Childs's Dossier.

All the longer and more serious articles I save for the week-end.—W. Averbach, 6, Warneford Street, Hackney, E.9.

Eccentric

I work in a shop at Camberwell, London, S.E.

Every day, between 8.30 and 9.30 a.m., an old retired gentleman walks past with an air of majesty until he reaches a certain lamp-post.

Then he tight-rope-walks along three inches of kerb, struggling desperately to avoid touching either the gutter or the lamp-post; after which he walks off with just as much majesty as before.—J. Stanley, 64, Granville Park, Lewisham, S.E.

More stories of such minor eccentricities welcomed.

Booked in Advance

Although a keen churchgoer, I am very resentful of the reserved pew idea.

In fact, I have been thinking quite seriously of going round village churches and insisting on my right to sit in seats reserved for the privileged.

I would be glad to know, first, whether I have a right to do so.—"C. of E.," Epsom.

All pews are the property of the parish, for the use, in common, of the parishioners. Distribution rests with the churchwardens, with whom—in this particular task—the minister cannot interfere. Churchwardens can permit people "to be seated according to rank or station," yet must not, in doing this, "overlook the claims of all parishioners to be seated if sittings can be afforded them."

Anthem Axiom

As I was sitting in a café the orchestra struck up the National Anthem before beginning its programme.

I bobbed up, but finding that nobody else made an effort to stand, resumed my seat. Who was wrong?—M. W., Neville Street, Cleethorpes, Lincs.

Late King George V maintained very strongly that it was wrong to play National Anthem when the occasion did not merit it. He would have hated (1) use of the anthem as a signature tune and (2) expecting people who had entered a café for tea and cakes to leap up in middle of their meal.

Exam. Nerves

For ten years I have been a driver of a public service vehicle, and I have just taught a man to drive.

I couldn't imagine a readier pupil. My own boss took him out and commented afterwards: "My word, that fellow will have nothing to fear from a driving test. He'll simply walk away with it."

But he has been failed—and now I'm wondering whether people are deliberately failed the first time to swell the Road Fund.—C. T., Brierley House Avenue, Brierley, Bradford.

Good drivers often fail their driving tests, like good schoolboys and schoolgirls their educational tests, because of that old bogy "examination complex."

There is no revenue dodge—and examiners value their jobs too highly to be deliberately unfair.

Unhappy Hyphen

JOHN BULL is almost the only paper to spell Czechoslovakia as I have written it, and which is correct.

The general version—Czecho-Slovakia—gives great offence to the people of that country, among whom I have spent many pleasant years.

They consider themselves a united people.

That hyphen challenges that view.—E. Jackson, 55, Rowan Road, Hammersmith, W.6.

Treaty of Versailles spells it both ways. We stick as near as we can get to what Czechoslovakia calls herself—Republika Ceskoslovenska.

M for Munich

It is interesting to note that the four great Powers that met at Munich, and the leaders of those countries, just manage to fill the first nine letters of the alphabet between them, thus:

A for Adolf. B for Benito. C for Chamberlain. D for Daladier. E for England. F for France. G for Germany. H for Hitler. I for Italy.—A. Turner, 12, Pooles Lane, near Wolverhampton.

Perhaps that's why they kept Russia out of it.

Write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

And there are other pages where you can help us to help you.

A. G. Gardiner ..... *Page* 11
Sir Wyndham Childs .... *Page* 15
True Story ..... *Page* 30
Human Documents ..... *Page* 32

Now you know . . .!

Hobson's Choice

I took this photograph at Cambridge. It is of a memorial to a Thomas Hobson, who was a livery stable keeper in the reign of Henry VIII.

Hobson always said you could choose your horse—but it always had to be the nearest horse to the stable door.

As a result, his name will live for ever as part of an everyday phrase.—G. Pennethorne, The Hill House, Lindfield, Sussex.

The Proletariat

Once it was correct to call the working man a "proletarian."

King Tullus, reorganising the Roman State, called non-taxpayers "proletarians."

And, though the working man of to-day pays stiff taxes, the word has unjustly stuck to him.—Walter Newby, 12, Grove Terrace, Norton, Stockton-on-Tees.

Hear, Hear!

"We thank you, our leader," chime German audiences in well-drilled unison, when Hitler is speaking.

British people have heard it for themselves in the last few weeks, and think it laughable that even applause should be disciplined.

Yet we use the words "Hear, Hear!" in much the same way, though the phrase was originally "Hear him, hear him!" and was meant to silence interrupters—not to signify assent.—S. C., Harrow.

Bombs v. Shells

Nowadays it's commonly believed that London would be no safer in time of war than it would be if within range of an enemy's guns.

Well, old-fashioned artillery caused 147 casualties per thousand in the bombardment of Algiers, 155 per thousand in the bombardment of Copenhagen.

The most modern bombs, carried by the most modern bombers operating in relays, have never caused anything like such destruction of life.—S. D., Melton Mowbray.

We Must Have This 4-POWER Conference

Do you want to fight the Germans? Answer, no.

Do you want to live in peace and friendship with the Germans? Answer, yes.

Well, SEE THAT YOU GET YOUR WAY.

Three weeks ago, Mr. Chamberlain stepped from his aeroplane at Heston. That morning he had had a private talk with Herr Hitler. At the end of the talk a document was signed.

Mr. Chamberlain waved the document proudly to the crowds at Heston. He read it. These were the words:

"We, the German Chancellor and the British Prime Minister, are resolved that the method of consultation shall be the method adopted to deal with any question that may concern our two countries, and we are determined to continue our efforts to remove possible sources of difference, and thus to contribute to the assurance of peace in Europe."

The crowd cheered. They were right to cheer. They were sensible to cheer.

For the greatest menace in the world to-day to their lives, and to their children's lives, is that relations between Britain and Germany should get worse, should become bitter and sour, so that both Governments and peoples should accept an Anglo-German war as inevitable.

We Hate War!

In all Britain there is no journal more British than John Bull. In all Britain there is no journal more democratic in its contents and in its sympathy, no journal which has fought harder for the small and the weak against the powerful and unjust, or has more readily opened its pages to the exposure of cruelty and tyranny.

But also there is no journal in Britain which detests war more passionately. There is no journal to which the cause of peace appeals more powerfully.

And for that reason we plainly say that in the world as it is to-day, and Fascism or no Fascism, the cause of peace cannot prosper unless there is agreement between Britain and Germany.

Others may preach hate, fear and suspicion. We preach understanding.

There was much we did not like about the way in which the Czech crisis was settled.

We did not like the way in which Czechoslovakia was given to understand that France and Russia would support her, and then found in her hour of trial that by no means all the promised support was forthcoming.

We did not like the overbearing German attitude, the reckless threats of violence by a Germany armed to the teeth against a small neighbour.

But, none the less, it would, in our judgment, have been a ghastly crime against mankind to condemn millions to death in war in order to keep 3,500,000 Germans under Czech rather than German rule.

For the truth is that the story of injustice begins twenty years earlier than Munich.

It begins in the Hall of Mirrors, in Versailles, when a vindictive Peace Settlement was imposed upon a beaten, broken and democratic Germany by the victorious Allies.

Of the many admitted injustices of that Peace Settlement, one of the most glaring was the decision to put the 3,500,000 Germans of the Sudetenland under Czech rule, though they wished to be part of Germany.

Without Fear or Favour

Why was that decision taken? It was taken for military reasons.

It was taken so that Czechoslovakia, France's ally, could have a stronger frontier, and so be more use to France in her fatal policy (supported by British Coalition and Conservative Governments) of "keeping Germany down."

You may deplore the methods of Munich. You may be apprehensive of the spirit of militarism created in Germany by the Allies' refusal to revise the Peace Settlement peacefully in the fifteen years before Hitler.

But the fact remains that an injustice has been abolished.

Not without some fresh injustice, of course. Ten years ago, before passion and hate were bred by the injustice, it could have been done perfectly. But, all the same, the new frontier does much more truly conform to racial sentiment than the old one.

We will go further. We will say that the body of Europe will remain diseased until the very last injustice of Versailles is removed from its system.

We will say to those who fear German aggressiveness that it will be made only more intense by efforts to resist the wiping out of the last punitive terms imposed upon Germany twenty years ago by the sword.

There is Memel, a German port on the Baltic. It was ripped from Germany at Versailles, and governed for a while by the League of Nations.

Lithuania seized it by force from the League in 1923. Lithuania holds it now. It is German.

One Chance

Danzig is a German town. It was taken from her. Eupen and Malmedy were taken and given to Belgium. They are probably German in sentiment. A plebiscite would show.

Then there are the colonies. Who thinks that it is a service to peace to say to Germany: "Britain and France have immense colonial Empires. You have none, and we do not mean that you should have any. If you want your old colonies back, come and take them"?

Is that the language of peace? It is the language of challenge.

There is only one chance of peace in Europe, and that is to give Germany justice to the last drop.

To carry through such a policy successfully, and to insure against the risk (less than in any other policy) of its possible failure to produce a peaceful Germany, Britain must be strong.

Britain must be strong while the concessions are made, so that Hitler will understand they are concessions to justice and not merely fearful surrenders.

And when the last concession is made, Britain's defensive preparations must be at a strength sufficient to protect this country against attack.

But it is the highest responsibility of Europe's statesmen to mankind to make the effort of conciliation and appeasement.

That is the reason why all men of peace should support the proposal for a Four Power Conference of Britain, France, Germany and Italy.

There are objections to such a Conference, but at the moment the reasons in favour weigh more heavily.

These are the reasons:

(1) There is simply no other machinery whatever which can be used for the work of appeasement. The League is weak, and Germany and Italy are not members.

(2) By themselves these four Powers can do all that can be done from outside to stop the fratricidal civil war in Spain. They can stop intervention, stop further supplies of arms to both sides, and offer mediation.

(3) The Four Power Conference represents the very furthermost step along the road to international co-operation which Germany is willing to take.

(4) Therefore there is no other way save Four Power conciliation by which Hitler can be prevented from dealing with Memel, Danzig, Eupen and Malmedy just as he dealt with Czechoslovakia, when the world was brought to the very eve of war.

(5) There is no better way of ensuring the success of a World Peace Conference, at which all problems can be tackled, than by getting preliminary agreement between the Four Powers.

Give them Justice

There is a sixth reason in favour which deserves setting out a little more fully.

It must be the hope of every humane man and woman—it is certainly the hope of John Bull—that within a measurable period of time the policy of the German Government will become less harsh to its political opponents, and that oppression of Jews and democrats will cease.

In other words, we hope that things inside Germany will become easier and kinder.

It is as certain as that morning follows night that this cannot be achieved by continuing to resist good German claims, by trying to encircle Germany, by perpetuating international tension, enmity and fear.

The only way of helping those in distress in Germany is to draw the German Government back into the community of nations, to establish good will by the free and friendly granting of all good claims, and to try to replace the fears and hates of Europe with a feeling of greater cordiality and fellowship between nations.

Let us get to work in that spirit.

The big danger now is that after breathing a great sigh of relief and happiness three weeks ago at the passing of the crisis, people will slip back into the easy-going drift and muddle which landed the world on the edge of the precipice.

That must not happen. And the ordinary man must see that it does not happen.

For it is, above all others, his destiny that is at stake.

"Murder, Ambush, Rapine and Pillage —Two and a Half Years of It"

Steel-helmeted British police in conflict with Arab rioters —an everyday scene in Palestine to-day

TERROR HOLY

I LIVE under a sentence of death pronounced by the Palestine Terrorists. For two and a half years I have gone in fear, never knowing when some Arab sniper would try to collect the price which his leaders set upon my head.

Now that I am back in London I find it difficult to break myself from the furtive, cautious habits that have become second nature. When I walk along a street I look for doorways into which I could dive at the first sign of trouble . . . although I know I have left all that thousands of miles away.

Shall I ever forget? No, that is impossible. Two and a half years of terror cannot be wiped from a man's mind.

Two and a half years of murder, ambush, torture, rapine and pillage; two and a half years in which about 90 Britons, 500 Jews and 1,500 Arabs have lost their lives and thousands more have been wounded; two and a half years in which at least £1,000,000 worth of property has been destroyed.

And all this havoc has been inflicted by fewer than a thousand men, who have imposed their tyranny not only on the Jews, whom they name their arch-enemies, but on their own people as well.

That is the whole secret of the revolt in the Holy Land. Not a fraction of the Arabs engaged in the merciless strife which has ravaged the country are engaged in it of their own free will. Really they are simple people who want peace so that they may scratch away at the soil as their forefathers did before them.

They want to trade with the Jews, not slaughter them.

But they are powerless. Backed by a mere thousand fanatics, the Arab war-lords impress them as soldiers, force them to pay tribute.

Shot Down

"Kill or be killed," is the choice offered to them. If they do not obey they are dragged before a rebel tribunal, "tried," sentenced, then led out to be shot in the back.

Let me tell you the story of Twefik Effendi el-Shanti, Arab merchant of Jaffa and man of peace, who refused to pay the subscription demanded by the terrorists.

He was shot and wounded, but managed to escape. Two days later he was lying in the surgery of an Arab doctor having his wounds dressed.

Suddenly the door slammed open. Framed in it stood two gunmen. Ten shots rang out. Every one found its mark in Twefik's body. Sentence of death had been carried out.

No, they never got the gunmen. Police, who set off in pursuit were caught in the cross-fire of snipers who had been posted round the surgery for just that purpose.

That is how the Terrorists always work. I myself have seen the ruse carried out.

It was in a lonely street on the outskirts of Jerusalem. Vengeance had been sworn against an Arab policeman —an Arab, mind you.

It was dusk and the man was patrolling the street about a hundred yards from the corner round which I came.

At that moment there was the crash of shots. I saw two lines of fire stab through the gloom. The policeman spun like a top and fell.

I crouched in a doorway and waited. A few minutes later three Arabs left a house a few doors from me and nowhere near where the marksmen had been. They passed the body without a glance. They had been stationed in that house to draw away pursuit from the killers.

It is not in the cities but in the villages that the war of terror flames most fiercely, so fiercely that even Jew and Arab will at times huddle together for protection.

Not long ago, in company with a British officer, I travelled into the barren hills on the Lebanese border to see the founding of a Jewish pioneer colony. On our way we passed through an Arab village.

Midnight Attack

The headman smiled when we told him where we were going.

"For years," he said, "I have prophesied that one day the Jews would settle here. May Allah prosper them, for now my village will be able to trade and we shall be poor no longer."

That night we reached the colony, a jumble of tents surrounded by a flimsy barricade against the Arab bands who were roaming the district.

There were about a hundred and twenty young Jewish men and girls. About sixty of the men were supernumerary policemen and armed.

It was just before midnight that the firing began. Arab snipers had ringed us round and were pouring volleys into the tents.

Fortunately, their shooting was bad and we were all able to take cover.

Then the Jewish settlers began to return the fire. They wriggled out on to the mountain side, crouched behind boulders, and fired at the flashes.

Girls picked up extra ammunition and crawled to their men. Where a man was wounded a woman would help him in, or, if she could not support his weight, take over his rifle.

My officer friend left my side.

"I'll go and see if I can give them a hand anywhere," he whispered.

Half an hour later he was back. "You can't teach these boys anything," he said. "Why, every man and girl is fighting like a tiger."

When dawn broke the tents were full of wounded . . . but out among the rocks were Terrorist snipers who would never fire another shot.

Now, remember—the old Arab headman in the next village had welcomed these young Jews. His village needed the trade they would bring to lift it from its poverty.

Sometimes, even, Arab villagers have tried to help the Jewish families who had lived among them for years. But that is becoming rare now. There are too many informers eager to collect the blood-money that is paid by the Terrorist leaders for every dead Jew, British soldier, or Arab who helps the infidels.

Vengeance is brutal and swift. One Arab bailiff in a village I know was ordered by his employer to show a party of Jews over some land they had bought.

It was the kind of job he had done often in the past, marking boundaries, pointing out the different types of soil and what crops it had been yielding.

It took him twenty-four hours. Two nights later he was ambushed. His body was hacked into twenty-four pieces—one piece for every hour he had spent with the Jews!

Penalty is Death

To-day no Arab washer-woman will take in laundry which has come from a Jewish family. She knows that others who ply her trade have been shot for that "crime."

Still, even to-day there are times when humanity rises above fear of the Terror.

A Jewish architect I know motored out to an Arab village where he was well known and loved for his generosity.

Within a few minutes of his arrival, the local Terrorists had been tipped off, and gunmen were closing in from both ends of the village street.

Railway lines on the Haifa-Kantara line strewn with the wreckage of engines and trucks blown up by Terrorists

in the LAND!

The architect did not realise his peril, but his Arab friends did. They whisked him down an alley between the mud houses and hid him in a hut among goats and chickens.

When darkness fell he was taken up to the roof-tops, which, as in so many Arab villages, form steps against the mountainside. Then he was led from roof to roof until he reached the edge of the village and the safety of a little-used path.

But that is not the end of the story.

The villagers feared that the architect's car, which he had been forced to leave in the street, would be wrecked. Nobody in the village could drive it away, so next morning, at the headman's command, twenty men carried that car twelve miles to the next town and presented it to the owner!

Well, those are just a few snapshots from my memories of the Terror in the Holy Land. I have scores more. . . .

That day when I missed death by a miracle because a passing car intercepted a bomb that had been meant for me. The driver was lucky, too, because, although the bomb exploded in his windscreen, he escaped with a few scratches caused by flying glass.

Then there was that night on the outskirts of Jerusalem, when I lay in a ditch with bullets whizzing over my head. A British armoured car patrol had gone into action against a band of Terrorists a few minutes before I had driven round the bend.

Murder, ambush and sudden death. . . . Two and a half years of it.

And all because a few ruthless warlords, with only a thousand regular supporters at their command, have struck such terror into simple people that they will fight against their will.

All because in the Republic of Lebanon, across the hills, sits His Eminence, Haj Amin el Husseini, ex-Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, the architect of the Terror, scheming in his rambling stone house for the downfall of the British régime in Palestine.

I met him once. He is sandy-haired, his eyes twinkle, his forehead is broad, his hands white and strong. He *needs* strong hands to be the master of a plot which costs ten thousand pounds a month and holds a country in its grip.

Missing Wealth

Where does he get that money? Nobody knows . . . for certain.

What is known is that when he fled from Palestine to escape arrest, vast sums were missing from the coffers of the wealthy supreme Moslem Council, and that since then more money is said to have come from Fascist sources abroad.

What is known, also, is that his lieutenants visit him, and on his orders go out to extract tribute from every Arab merchant, planter and professional man who values his life and property.

Even Government officials have paid between twenty and thirty per cent. of their salaries to the Terrorist cause—athough many loathe it; a fact that is proved by the flight of 70,000 Arabs from Palestine in the past few years.

Gradually, the Mufti's men have established a complete Shadow Government. They have their own tribunals, to which villagers, even townsmen, are forced to refer disputes.

A moratorium has been declared, and creditors, including banks, ordered to refrain from collecting debts.

The Shadow Government prints its own communiqués, has them nailed up in public places. It imposes curfews and, with ironic humour, issues receipts on vouchers taken from the real Government for fines it has collected.

One of its communiqués put a price of £2,000 on the head of the Palestine High Commissioner, Sir Harold MacMichael. (My own price was a paltry £20!)

Even Arab cinema and restaurant owners have been ordered to provide free entertainment for Terrorists. The pass sign was the showing of a revolver-butt.

But, of course, the chief work of the rebels is the destruction of Government property.

In broad daylight, towns like Bethlehem, Nablus, Hebron, Beersheba, Ramleh, Jenin, Tulkarem and Gaza have been occupied by Terrorists, some or all of the civil services paralysed, Arab police disarmed, Government property looted, banks, municipal and post offices robbed, public buildings razed, Government officers kidnapped.

In the southern district, as far as the Egyptian frontier, not a railway station has been left standing. Throughout the country only six magistrates' courts are still functioning.

The others have been burnt with their records. Scores of police stations have been demolished or razed.

So far the Government reply has been not to replace its services, nor rebuild the police stations.

Bethlehem, Jenin, Tulkarem and other smaller towns have been practically surrendered.

Thereby the Government hoped that it was chastening the population, by withholding the bonds of ordered administration.

They Want Peace

Actually, it was only reducing our own prestige and increasing that of the Terrorists.

Now, it seems, the authorities have decided to try other methods Our troops have been increased to 25,000. There will be 6,000 British and Palestinian police and 8,500 Jewish supernumerary constables to enforce order.

Whether this is the right solution I can only guess. All I know is that the common people of Palestine, Jew or Arab, want only peace—and that for the past few years their country, the Holy Land, has been a hell upon earth.

HOW IT BEGAN..

and how to end it

PALESTINE is yet another of the troubles born of the Great War.

In the stress of that war, the British Government gave to Jews and Arabs pledges incompatible with each other. It gave the Arabs to understand that Palestine would be theirs. It did that in 1915.

It gave the Jews to understand that Palestine would be their National Home. It did that in 1917 in the "Balfour Declaration."

★ ★ ★

The reason for the two inconsistent pledges was the same. It was to secure support for the Allies.

Don't waste your time squabbling as to which pledge ought to be honoured first.

The plain, unpleasant fact is that neither can be honoured in entirety. For it is unthinkable that either the Jews or the Arabs should be turned out of Palestine.

So British statesmanship, with all the help it can get from Arab and Jewish statesmanship, must make the best compromise possible.

At the moment the Arabs are feeling so strongly against British policy that they are in open rebellion. As this page shows, they are killing British officials and Jews, destroying property. They are in practical control of large sections of Palestine.

Quite a large British army has now been sent to restore law and order. That is a necessary step, but by itself it is not enough.

Repression will not bring peace to Palestine any more than it did to Ireland and India. It is a stop-gap policy, defensible only as such, until a programme of constructive peace can be put into operation.

Palestine needs a new constitution — a fresh start.

No plan will satisfy all the Arabs and all the Jews, for there are extremists on both sides. But the great majority of Arabs and Jews do not want war to the knife.

★ ★ ★

The best hope is that if the British Government asked the responsible leaders of the Jews and Arabs to meet in conference, agreement would be reached.

Negotiation, conciliation, round-the-table discussion of differences and search for agreement are just as good for Jew and Arab in Palestine as they are for Briton and German, French and Italian in Europe.

Open Letters

● Keep Them Alert!

● Heartless Hoaxers

● Jail the P.M.G.

Mr. JOHN EVERYMAN,
British Citizen

Dear John,—Keep your sleeves rolled up. Ensure that, now the Crisis is past, the authorities do not relapse into apathetic drowsiness.

They will, you know, unless you stop them.

In fact, they're "getting back to normal" already—fumbling and fiddling, shelving sensible ideas and ignoring urgent tasks.

We were told that the Munich agreement was to be the beginning of Peace in Our Time.

But we can't have peace without working for it.

Lack of a policy brought us to the verge of catastrophe. Though weeks have flown by since then, there is still no sign of a clear-cut, vigorous policy that would be approved by the people and understood by the world.

"Peace in our time" is not yet. So we must get the diplomatic machinery busy for the Peace Conference.

Nothing is being done to reorganise our defences—except promise that something will be done sometime.

It's up to you to get these things done *now*.

Wake up your M.P. Tell him you want those anti-aircraft guns that would make our towns safe against aggression.

Tell him that Britain must have a real peace policy that would make aggression far less probable. Do it now!—JOHN BULL.

Dr. EDUARD BENES,
Prague

DEAR DR. BENES,—I am ashamed that, in the midst of your grief, you have been made the centre of a silly hoax.

Though it was announced that you would be a candidate for the Rectorship of Glasgow University, and Sir Archibald Sinclair retired in your favour, you had not even been invited to stand.

I am sorry the Scottish Nationalists allowed themselves to be gulled. I am more sorry that this crass "joke" was directed against a man for whom all Britain has the greatest admiration and sympathy.—JOHN BULL.

HYMAN COHEN,
Poultry Dealer, Stepney

SIR,—"I hope no single soul in the East End of London will ever buy from you again." So said the magistrate in fining you £25 for exposing tubercular fowls for sale.

I go further. He should have power to put you out of business.

For years I have demanded revision of the food laws. It would be merciful justice to ensure that such men as you could no longer imperil the health and the very lives of your customers.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir SAMUEL HOARE, M.P.,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR SAMUEL,—You may think it unfair of the National Council of Women to attack baby-farming just now. You may plead that you have too much to do to bother about such trivial evils.

Still, I shall accuse you of heartlessness unless you stamp out this terrible traffic.

Following my disclosures of its extent, an official enquiry was held early last year. Yet there is no sign of its recommendations being adopted.

For humanity's sake, hurry up!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. W. WALLACE,
Union of Post Office Workers

DEAR SIR,—Jail the Postmaster-General for six months!

That would certainly happen if employers, as you suggest, could be imprisoned for paying semi-starvation wages.

It is a proposal I have often made—the only one that will end the victimisation of workers.

Mr. G. D. H. Cole, the economist, suggests a minimum of 50s. a week for adult men. Shameful that the Post Office, for all its millions of profit, pays less!—JOHN BULL.

Lord WINTERTON,
Chancellor, Duchy of Lancaster

MY LORD,—Even Diehards should refrain from offending a friendly Power.

You declare that Russia did not offer help in the Czechoslovak problem. "A complete perversion," is the Soviet reply.

Though I am not pro-Russian, I share that indignation. As a member of the Cabinet, you should know better than to stir up international discord and national resentment.—JOHN BULL.

The EDUCATION COMMITTEE,
Middlesex

GENTLEMEN,—You deserve kicking by mules for your mulish obstinacy.

Only you can marvel that the eight-week strike of parents at Southall is to continue with the backing of the local Labour Party.

Owing to reorganisation, young children—some aged five—must now walk a mile and a quarter to school.

Such indefensible folly is not confined to your district. But may Southall's firm stand induce education bigwigs everywhere to avoid subjecting young children to unnecessary road dangers!—JOHN BULL.

LAURENCE ALFRED FLOCKHART,
Hendon

FLOCKHART,—You are evidently a young man who needs a sound thrashing.

Though you posted a paper bearing the words "Any Jew is worth two Englishmen," you boasted of being a Fascist. Two previous convictions for insulting behaviour were proved against you.

Yet you have enjoyed the amazing leniency of a mere £2 fine and costs! People of your type must be grateful to the Hendon Bench.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. K. W. PERERA,
Trade Commissioner for Ceylon

DEAR SIR,—Visitors to Ceylon can drink champagne in expensive hotels. The natives have to live on a few pence a day; even high officials earn less than £4 a month!

I am glad you are reminding us of the utter poverty of your country. Our statesmen have promised to raise the standard of living there; they have done no more than promise.

When Mr. MacDonald has cleaned up the Palestine mess he should look to those other black spots—the West Indies, Malta, and Ceylon.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. COLIN SIDNEY COLLEN-SMITH,
Chesham Place, London

SIR,—I'm told you are taking lessons from a well-known professional conjurer.

Is this merely to give a little light entertainment to the fashionable Mayfair women who attend your World Service Group "meetings"?

Or is it because you think the lessons you learn at conjuring may be of help at the seances held in the "trance" room of your house near Belgrave Square?

I have already described how, from being a poor bank clerk, you have risen into the realms of luxury as the spiritual guide of wealthy women.

And that's more wonderful than any conjuring trick you may acquire!—JOHN BULL.

A. G. Gardiner Says—

Wisest of Commentators on world affairs, A. G. G. sees in the Peace we now enjoy the chance to put troubled Europe right for all time

This Is How I Think We Should Use the Breathing Space

THE world has a breathing-space. It will be short, and it will not be restful.

Herr Hitler is a man who works to a precise time-table. His programme is clean cut, and proceeds from shock to shock at an interval of roughly four months.

In those intervals he has two objects. The one is to allay the alarm created by his last shock and to give the assurance that he wants no more and that his dearest aim is peace.

The other is to consolidate his gains and strengthen his arm for the next blow.

This is one of his intervals and he is making the most of it. His political strokes are always accompanied by economic thrusts, and his bagmen follow in the wake of his conquests.

He has by the mere threat of war swept the last democratic stronghold east of the Rhine out of his path and made himself the dictator of Europe from the Baltic to the eastern Mediterranean.

And now in his interval of pause his agents are carrying out a vast trade drive from Lithuania to Turkey and even to Afghanistan.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* has described in great detail the gravity and magnitude of this drive.

For its accomplishment all the best economic brains of Germany have been mobilised, and the aim, he says, is "to supplant British firms and British commercial interests wherever humanly possible."

Meanwhile, encouraged by the ease with which Eastern Europe has fallen into his lap, Hitler prepares for the next shock by telling this country what he will not "tolerate."

He warns us "off the Turf" in Europe with an authority that must rejoice the heart of all those who have explained that all would be well if only we scuttled from the European scene.

He has done more. He has named the statesmen in this country of whom he does not approve and whose election to office would presumably be regarded as an unfriendly act.

AND with sublime effrontery his official Press is denouncing the rearmament of this country as a menace to Germany and the peace of the world.

That fantastic legend is, of course, not intended to deceive the outside world. The outside world is too acutely aware of the facts for that.

It is intended to keep his own people under the illusion that the menace to peace is without and not within. I will speak of this later.

Let us return to the point from which I started. We have a breathing-space in which to prepare for the next stroke of Hitler's policy of ultimatums backed with the sword. Where that stroke will fall we do not know.

But there is good reason to think that it will concern us very nearly. For the present, at all events, Hitler has established the German domination of Europe beyond the Rhine so effectively that he can afford to turn to his wider ambitions.

That means, in a word, Colonies.

The failure of the democratic Powers to check his onward march hitherto has been due to the fact that Hitler always knew when he was going to spring and where he was going to spring, and we, knowing neither, were "caught on the wrong foot" and were wholly unprepared to deal with the challenge.

There is no excuse for that occurring in this case. We know that the challenge is coming and we must be clear in our minds as to how we shall meet it.

We ought to start frankly from the point of view that there is a case to be considered.

Germany has a grievance. Among the many wrongs of the Peace of Versailles, for which we are now paying so sorely, none was more flagrant or more humiliating to a great people than the dispersal of Germany's colonial system.

It is true that the colonies were not annexed by the victorious Powers, but were left to their guardianship under the mandate of the League of Nations.

IF the mandate had been conferred on Germany and Germany had been at once included in the League the course of history might have been different and Herr Hitler might never have been heard of.

But the wrong was done and it was never put right in all the years when we had a reasonable and unarmed Germany to deal with.

Now we have to face it in far different circumstances.

What are we going to do about it? It is a question of enormous complexity and difficulty.

We are involved in it. France is involved in it, the Dominions are involved in it, the League of Nations, which allotted the mandates, is involved in it.

Above all, the interests of the native peoples who are governed under the mandates are involved in it.

It cannot be solved wisely or justly by a stroke of the pen. Still less by the method of "Stand and deliver!" It can only be solved by negotiation and good will.

SO, if there is any reality in the "No more war" scrap of paper which Mr. Chamberlain brought back from Munich here is the occasion to prove it.

The trouble with Herr Hitler is that, having been permitted to convert Germany into a gigantic arsenal that overawes the world, he has renounced all the machinery of civilised intercourse.

What he wants he takes, without argument and without a "by your leave." He will not, as he has said, "peddle about from conference to conference."

That method cannot be "tolerated," to use his favourite word, in the case of the colonial issue. When that issue is raised—and it cannot long be deferred—we must meet it with a firm scheme for the submission of the whole problem of the administration of backward countries to a world conference.

Such a proposal on our side would be as magnanimous as wise.

If, on the principle of "self-determination," the subject races were assured of their full right to be considered in the shaping of their destiny I do not think we should have anything to regret.

If, in accordance with the spirit of the scrap of paper which he has signed with Mr. Chamberlain, Herr Hitler is prepared in this matter to drop his isolated action and his policy of violence and enter into friendly negotiation with other Powers which desire nothing so much as to be at peace with Germany the present tension that pervades the world will be relaxed.

From such a return to normal international intercourse, we might look for the lifting of the shadow that darkens the world to-day.

BUT that shadow will never be lifted while Germany plays the part of the rogue elephant at war, internally and externally, with all the liberties, sanctities and securities of civilised society.

If this spirit of accommodation is rejected we must be prepared up to the hilt for the alternative. Not only must we press on with our defensive measures with such energy that the next stroke—wherever it falls—will not find us as helpless as we have been in the past.

We must do more than this. We must combat the campaign of diplomatic and economic penetration with which Germany is undermining our position in the world.

We must appeal to the democratic sentiment in every country, especially America, for collective action for peace and, if unhappily necessary, for war.

Above all, we must get the truth to the German people. They are as eager for peace as any people, but they are ignorant of what is being done in their name.

They are conscious of their ignorance. They are spoon-fed by the propaganda of the Press and the wireless which they have come to distrust and despise.

There is no greater or more immediate task to be done than to let the light into Germany.

Human Machine

The Wisdom of Years

MANY people have a strange fear of growing old. It is a fear that springs from a confusion of ideas.

They are confusing the fear of growing old with the fear of age—and one is as silly as the other is sound.

People are right to be afraid of age; for what more pathetic sight is there than a man or a woman who has nothing better to show for their passage through life than an accumulation of years?

But what is there to fear about growing old? Nothing—unless you have allowed your hopes to die and your vision to perish.

For growing old brings a philosophy that youth can never have. We learn the wisdom of realising that what we cannot do to-day may be possible to-morrow.

We begin to realise that "the best is yet to be"—so long as we deliberately choose the best. For we learn

—and it is learning of rare value—that life is not a brutal tyrant to be fought, but a storehouse from which we can take what we will.

We know that if we want friends we must make friends. If we want happiness we must create happiness.

BEER IS BEST

I have lived long, and learnt a lot
(No one's enjoyed life more!)
And of experience now I've got
More than sufficient store.

Stick to fresh air, stick to the earth,
Stick to a conscience clear,
And for the hours of rest and mirth,
Equally—

STICK TO BEER

GET A SHORT WAVE SET

I have never been a violent enthusiast about short-wave listening, but the last week or two has certainly made me "think again," and I must say that I really wish everybody now had a short-wave set. Every night the great cities of the world—Moscow, Berlin, Prague, Rome, Paris, New York, and so on, are pumping out news and propaganda in English. Since we live, whether we like it or not, in such unsettled times, I do think it good that we should hear as much as possible of what all these people have to say. You needn't believe all you hear, by long chalks, but it is helpful, and certainly intensely interesting, to listen. We ourselves now sell sets with short-wave reception from £9 . 11s., and if you haven't got a short-wave set, you really should think seriously of getting one. Have a word with a Murphy Dealer about it, and listen in one night.

E. J. POWER,
Managing Director

47 ALL-WAVE BATTERY SUPERHET
This is a high performance battery set combining world-wide range and fine quality of reproduction. ABC Tuning Scale with 2-speed control has over 50 long and medium wave stations as well as short wave stations. Q.P.P. output stage gives large volume with low battery consumption. Cabinet in medium and dark polished Walnut. **£11.10**
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This model gives you excellent range, reproduction and selectivity at a very moderate price. Principal short, medium and long wave station names are shown on the 3-colour scale. "Two speed" drive on the tuning control. Cabinet in French and black Walnut. **£9.10**
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MURPHY RADIO

C.R.C. 839

Know Your Neighbour!

Are YOU one of the people who believe that every German is a war-monger?

Do YOU persist in judging the whole French race by a few isolated examples of people who locked their pumps up during the war when the soldiers were about?

Is it YOUR idea that every Italian is a man with a stiletto, who would stab you in the back?

Come now! Haven't you been influenced at least a little bit by these stupid and dangerous generalisations?

Well, set out with a JOHN BULL investigator on a "Know Thy Neighbour" mission. Let us learn to understand the other fellow, the man in the street of other nations.

PIERRE is forty-one and lives—as so many Frenchmen do—high among the roof-tops of Paris.

His salary as a clerk is so small that you wonder why he stands for it.

Yet the dinners his wife puts before him are so varied and plentiful that you wonder how she can manage it on the money.

But trust Simone to see that Pierre lives like a lord.

Let the greengrocer offer her a cabbage with one frayed outer leaf, one square inch despoiled by a grub, and her nose will point disdainfully to heaven, her order go elsewhere.

And let him ask one sou more for it than the man down the road, and Simone will demand and get a two-sou cut by way of reparation.

Simone's cooking is based on the peasant's simmering pot. All French cooking is. That's why banquets and snacks alike are cheaper. It is one reason why low wages are more tolerable.

Sometimes funds are very, very low.

Then Simone will buy a cheap "cut" which, because of its tastelessness or coarseness, the majority of British wives wouldn't look at.

She'll do wonderful things with garlic. She'll fiddle with mixed herbs. She'll probably rake up a shred or two of cucumber peel from somewhere.

IT won't be tasteless meat that's put before Pierre when he finishes his soup from the stock-pot. And it won't be coarse.

And there won't be one wasted bone, one wasted leaf, in the preparation of the meal.

If there should be, Simone would blush for shame.

I'd have you look at Simone before you've had a chance to look properly at Pierre.

She doesn't want the vote. None of millions of women like her want it.

The demand, Simone will tell you, comes from a handful of intellectual women in Paris who haven't got men to manage.

For although Simone looks so weakly and dependently at Pierre, although she seems to accept his ponderous political views—and what Frenchman hasn't ponderous political views?—as gospel, and although Pierre lolls back after his heavy meal as the undisputed Master of the House, he won't do much unless Simone is in full agreement.

Mind you, she never demands.

She never demands because she knows how to coax.

That gives her at least a half-share in Pierre's vote.

And "Ho, ho!" says Pierre. "No woman would ever influence me."

NOW Pierre and Simone really *live*.

I met them in Paris during the crisis.

If two people can typify the men and women of their race, these two very likeable people do.

Said Pierre to me: "Well, my grandfather fought in the war of 1870, my father and I in the last war. I shall fight in *this* war and my son will fight in the next."

This typical Frenchman was expressing the typical French view on war.

They have been born in the shadow of it. They live in the shadow of it. If they don't die in the shadow of it they die in the bloody welter of it, as did 1,393,388 of the 8,410,000 Frenchmen mobilised in the fateful years 1914-18.

You who live with the sea around you—you don't really know. You will never be able to understand.

See little French children playing on the sands.

Where British children build sandcastles, French children build fortifications and trench systems.

Where British children bury each other, French children pelt each other with sand moulded into "grenades."

Not to make play of war. Not that.

The shadow of war falls across them in their cots, in their schools, in their games.

They hate war as no other country in the world hates it. There is no country more pacifist. But they have a dreadful awareness of those land frontiers.

To-morrow might bring a bad cold. But also it might bring war. How philosophically they accept the dreadful possibility of it!

But let us meet Simone and Pierre under brighter circumstances.

Talk to them about us—about the British. It is amusing to hear them.

The British are fine soldiers. The British are true friends of France. The British can be relied on. The British are fine fellows.

But they are—well, forgive Pierre for speaking a little bluntly. You British are quite mad.

What trivial things you think about and talk about when your country is in danger!

How foolish you are with your money.

In almost every town in France there is a monument to the Britisher's madness. Every town has its Hotel Bristol.

Each is a reminder of the Marquis of Bristol, who used to drive all over France throwing golden guineas to the right and left of him.

And Pierre, to-day, sees something of the same madness in you. In this way:

He takes Simone and the baby out when he wants a drink. Twopence not only buys him his drink, but the right to sit among the bright lights, enjoying the music and the cabaret.

Why shouldn't he make that drink last two hours, if the fun is good for two hours?

But at the adjoining table sit three Britons. Percy buys a round. Then George buys a round. Then Mac buys a round. Then it's Percy's turn again.

Thinks Pierre: "Those three fellows could see and hear all the fun just as well on one drink."

And if they wanted more—how much cheaper to take it home with them!

Perhaps Pierre wonders what their wives are doing.

For Simone knows not only what he earns but when his next rise should be due, what he spends each day.

Yes, and to spend too much would endanger the family.

It is the ambition of every French man and woman to leave the family a little better than it was.

The French are not mean. French hospitality is stunning in its lavishness.

But the French determination to make the family *safe* is incredible.

So if Pierre is wrong in thinking you are mad, you are wrong in thinking he is.

For instance, you are amazed that one French Cabinet crashes after another. "How can there be any continuity?" you ask.

SAYS Pierre: "Our system provides far more continuity than yours.

"When our Parliament is elected the Government sits for the whole period of its existence.

"Three months after an election a British Cabinet can force another election on the people. Ours can't. The Cabinet may go—but the Government doesn't."

Whenever a Frenchman sees red it is on behalf of the Rights of man.

Not the Rights of Frenchmen. He never makes a special distinction of the Rights of Frenchmen.

When, during the Revolution, he drew up the Declaration of the Rights of Man he drew it up on behalf of men everywhere.

Followers both of the Right and of the Left work themselves into a frenzy over the Rights of Man.

One other thing that unites them is "la Patrie."

One threat to the peace of France and there are no Parties, no distinctions of class or creed, no differences of any kind that really matter.

France becomes at once a bulwark and a battering-ram.

Yet they can be an odd people, according to British notions.

Before Pierre married Simone all his uncles and aunts joined his parents in a Family Council to decide whether Simone was suitable.

And they wanted to know how much money her father could put into the marriage.

French logic is very different from our own—and actually so much more logical.

In the Courts of Justice I have heard a judge pass on a man a smaller sentence than the offence merited—because he had been badly represented by counsel!

Again, the British dislike of officialdom is magnified ten times in the Frenchman. His dislike of Civil Servants amounts almost to hatred.

He has very little security in life. That is one reason why he tries so hard to save. And he doesn't see why he should provide security to what he calls functionaries.

The point is that it's almost impossible for them to be sacked—and the Frenchman doesn't like that.

WELL, you have met Pierre and you have met Simone.

They enjoy the pictures just like you. Their taste is best tickled by films of families that find themselves in awkward scrapes and difficulties. Always it is the family!

They read novels, just like you—leaning a little more to the historical, perhaps. Always it is "la Patrie."

They are fonder of conversation than you, fonder of political debate.

They love Soccer, Rugger, long-distance cycling. And they have your fault—they incline to become a nation of spectators.

Pierre and Simone wouldn't lock up their pump against soldiers.

Some French villagers did do that once, perhaps. But let me tell a story to set against it.

Not long ago I was driving in a taxi-cab behind the old British line.

Said the driver: "Would m'sieur forgive me if I called at a house in this village? I left my watch there during the war."

He called at the house. A white-haired old man recognised him, rushed up and kissed him.

"Your watch!" he cried. "I have it. I have kept it wound and oiled. It ticks yet.

"Five British boys also trusted me with their watches," he said. "I have kept them well. They, too, will come back for them one day, perhaps.

"I hope to God they come back!" he said.

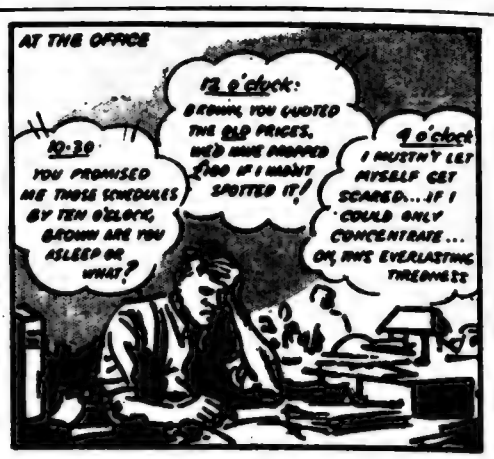
TIGHT-ROPE

A TRUE-LIFE STORY BY

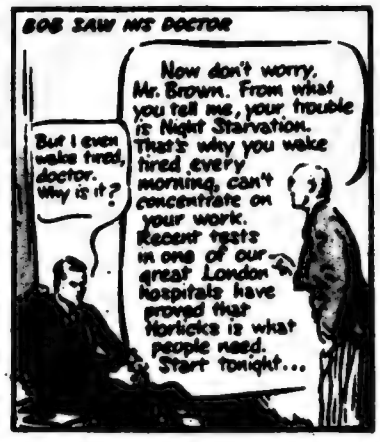
Dorothy L. Sayers

The famous novelist and playwright, author of "The Five Red Herrings," "The Nine Tailors" and the recent West End success "Busman's Honeymoon." Here she tells the story of a man whose career ceased to be an open road and became a giddy tight-rope.

But why get new curtains, Mother? We'll be out of this poky flat as soon as Bob's made manager
THINK: BETTY HAS SUCH BLIND FAITH IN ME! IF SHE KNEW HOW THINGS WERE GOING AT THE OFFICE...


AT THE OFFICE
10-30 YOU PROMISED ME THOSE SCHEDULES BY TEN O'CLOCK, BROWN ARE YOU ASLEEP OR WHAT?
12 o'clock: BROWN, YOU QUOTED THE OLD PRICES. WE'D HAVE DROPPED £100 IF I HADN'T SPOTTED IT!
4 o'clock I MUSTN'T LET MYSELF GET SCARED... IF I COULD ONLY CONCENTRATE... OH, THIS EVERLASTING TIREDNESS

Bob! You're hiding something! What IS worrying you?
You might as well know, Betty. I'll never be manager. I'll be lucky if I keep my job. I'm always tired, that's my trouble. It's ghastly, Betty! It makes me feel so uncertain...


BOB SAW HIS DOCTOR
But I even wake tired, doctor. Why is it?
Now don't worry, Mr. Brown. From what you tell me, your trouble is Night Starvation. That's why you wake tired every morning, can't concentrate on your work. Recent tests in one of our great London hospitals have proved that Horlicks is what people need. Start tonight...

TWO MONTHS LATER
Two months ago, it was touch and go with you, Brown. But lately your work's A.1. I'll put in a word for you at the next Board meeting
Thank you, sir!
SAFE AND SOUND, THANKS TO HORLICKS

Doctors and scientists co-operate in hospital tests

"Call me at midnight," the doctor said, "and we will begin our tests on the patient."

AMAZING tests have recently been made on men and women in a great London hospital. Doctors wanted to find out why some people habitually wake tired, feel run-down, "nervy," not up to their jobs.

Groups of these people slept at the hospital and each night at regular intervals blood was taken from their arms. It was tested and found in most cases to contain an excess of acid waste products such as carbon dioxide (CO_2). This excess acid waste was activating their brain and nerves, which means that though their bodies were sound asleep their brain and nerves lay wide awake.

When the doctors gave these same people Horlicks last thing at night, it was found that the Horlicks not only replaced energy used up in heartbeats, breathing and other automatic actions, but it also caused complete neutralization of excess acid waste products. The result was that these people woke refreshed next morning. Taking Horlicks regularly at bedtime, they soon regained their full vitality.

Start taking Horlicks tonight. Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

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—Rheumatism
—Headaches
—Neuralgia
—Neuritis

Four active ingredients are combined for extra-rapid Pain-Relief and Tonic-Effect, without the least risk even to weak hearts. When you are overcome with fatigue, lassitude, worry or nerves, or when suffering from Headache, Neuralgia, Nerve Pains, Backache or Rheumatism, 2 Tablets of Phensic is what you need.

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Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' *Brand*

The Wonderful Tablets that Drive out PAIN

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"I received cheque you sent me and tender my thanks. I don't know what I would have done if it had not been for 'JOHN BULL.' It will put our home together again. I wish 'JOHN BULL' every success, for it has been a joy to thousands of unfortunate readers like myself."

Mrs. R. H., Edinburgh.

WHAT ABOUT YOU? Your family and your home needs protection, too. In addition to providing Accident Benefits "John Bull" is *the only paper in the world* to safeguard readers' precious possessions against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD AND TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS benefits. Sign up for Safety! Use the Forms below TO-DAY!

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Address.....

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Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 22/10/38.

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I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

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Name and Address of Newsagent.....

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Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 22/10/38

BALDNESS *defeated!*

Read Mr. Harris's letter below — his photograph shows what a fine head of hair he has now. Silvikrin is sold by chemists, hairdressers and stores (Lotion 1/6, Pure Silvikrin 6/-).

Cranebrook House, Sumner Hill.
Mr. Lichfield.

Dear Sirs,

I had a nervous breakdown 18 months ago, which caused my hair to fall out very badly. I had bald patches - one 4½ inches long and 3 inches wide. I had a small strip of hair in front and then I was bald right over with a small bit of hair at the back. I saw your advertisement and got a bottle of Silvikrin: after my third I found my head had lost all its bald patches. To-day I have a very good head of hair - Silvikrin is worth its weight in gold.

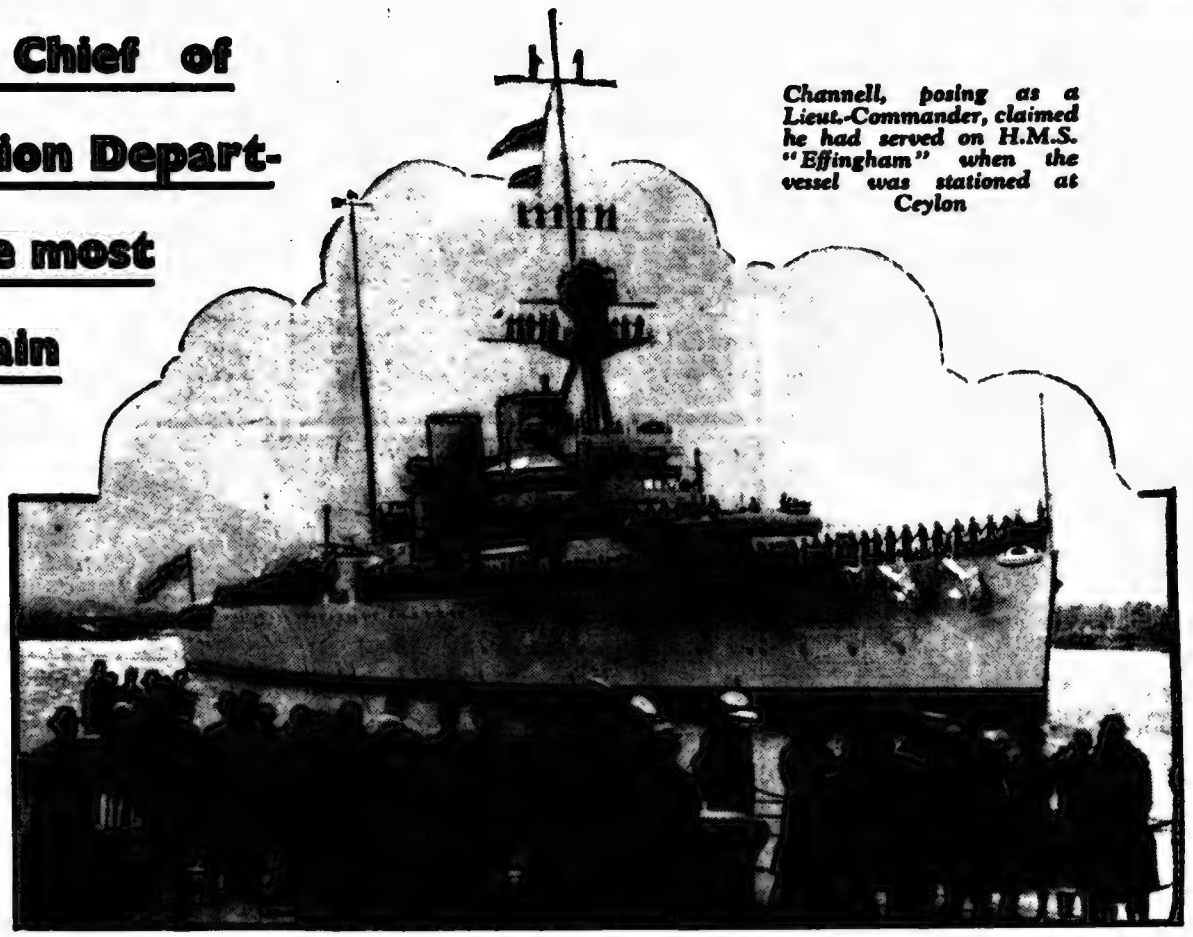
(sgd.) Joseph Harris.

Silvikrin

DOES GROW HAIR

L-30-H

Sir Wyndham Childs, Chief of "John Bull's" Investigation Department, here unmasks the most amazing crook in Britain



Channell, posing as a Lieut.-Commander, claimed he had served on H.M.S. "Effingham" when the vessel was stationed at Ceylon

Huge Air Defence Frauds

SWAGGERING his way through a vast Air Defence bluff—and living on it in grand style—is the most remarkable crook I have come across for some time.

He has moved about in the luxurious Dorchester Hotel, London, with all the poise of a financial giant, piloting a scheme for building aerodromes and placing orders for large numbers of aeroplanes.

Captain Maxwell-Channell is the modest rank by which he is known, but it was whispered impressively that he held a very high position at the Air Ministry.

He entertained lavishly, and frequently appeared to be having business discussions at his table.

Captain Maxwell-Channell intended that these things should be noticed. That was all part of his spectacular masquerade.

Already, unfortunately, a number of people have been so completely swayed by his tales that they have parted with money.

The impression is that the first of the aerodromes is to be built near Leamington, and this charming impostor has made his plans seem real by taking over Edmondscote Manor, an old mansion just outside Leamington.

He has let it be known that he is making arrangements for extensive alterations.

Meanwhile, he is living in a cottage at the entrance to the estate. This has been enlarged and reconditioned and has now blossomed out into a club for which a drink licence has been obtained.

You'll agree that Captain Maxwell-Channell, as he calls himself, is no ordinary crook when I tell you that he has been doing all this while barely clear of his last prison sentence!

He had been to jail no fewer than twelve times before that.

Make the pose grand enough and you can fool anyone seems to be his philosophy, and he kept it up in his best manner when one of my representatives looked him up at Leamington.

HE was most pleasant, this dapper man in the early forties, of military appearance, with a neatly trimmed moustache.

There was not a flicker of embarrassment when he was asked point-blank about the reports of a big modern airport for Leamington.

But he was most impressively mysterious.

"There are certain projects under consideration," he said, "but to make a statement now would probably jeopardise the negotiations." Possibly, in about six weeks' time, he would have an announcement to make.

Some of the statements I am going to make will, I imagine, do something more than jeopardise the negotiations.

It is my fervent hope that they will blow the whole ramp sky high, and stop this daring rogue raking in any more plunder.

In the first place, he has no right to use any rank. "Captain" is only one of his impostures. He has at times called himself "Major" and "Lieutenant-Commander."

He has no connection of any kind with the Royal Air Force or the Air Ministry.

Apparently he holds a civilian flying certificate, and he certainly seems thoroughly conversant with aerial matters.

That has helped him enormously and, with his undoubted charm and personality, he has found it easy to claim an utterly fictitious acquaintance with notable people.

In a casual but most convincing manner he mentions that he often dines and confers with people like Sir Kingsley Wood, the Air Minister, and Lord Swinton, who held that position previously.

Mr. Hore-Belisha, the War Minister, is a "bosom pal" of his, he has said!

You may wonder how it is possible for men like this to make their bogus claims without being unmasked, but I can assure you that our enterprising friend has succeeded in making a large circle of people believe he is all he pretends to be.

Even when private detectives, making enquiries for the relatives of one man who had fallen under his spell, began to lay bare his record, people interested would not believe it was true!

There must be some mistake, they said. He was so cultured, so widely travelled, and he could not have invented all the details about his plans for aerodromes and aeroplane contracts.

An elderly retired Army mapor, whose supposed investment runs into many thousands of pounds, is dumbfounded.

He, too, in spite of definite proof, finds the greatest difficulty in making himself realise that the man who conjured up such visions of a quick road to fortune can be a jailbird.

AS long as eighteen months ago Maxwell-Channell had managed to put himself over as a financial genius, closely associated with the Air Ministry, and the man who was behind the big aerodrome construction plans.

There was an air of mystery, but he told, always in the strictest confidence, how he was surveying suggested sites.

One man, after parting with a fairly large sum, asked his broker to make enquiries before he put up any more money.

Maxwell-Channell took the broker to see some land at Balney, in Sussex.

But for once his showmanship failed. The hard-headed broker promptly reported that, in his opinion, the site seemed quite unsuitable for an aerodrome.

Still, he never suspected that Maxwell-Channell was anything other than he said he was!

THE window dressing in which this bluffer is now indulging at Leamington is just as bold as his other other strokes.

He entertains generously at the cottage which has been turned into a club and spends money freely in the town.

The fact that the ground in view for the mythical aerodrome is under water most of the year seems to be a snag, but no doubt Maxwell-Channell thinks he can gloss over it as easily as he has done other awkward situations.

He is often away from the cottage club, making journeys to London and other parts of the country.

The last time he was trapped here was about two or three years ago, and he was lucky to escape publicity.

Charged at Tower Bridge Police Court, London, with posing as an R.A.F. pilot and obtaining money by false pretences, he was sent to prison for five months with hard labour.

He pleaded guilty and the case, with nothing to distinguish it from many similar charges before the courts, passed unnoticed.

The previous time he was in the dock was at Southampton in 1933.

He was prosecuted for a whole series of impostures and several cases of obtaining money and credit by false pretences were taken into account.

"Lieutenant-Commander Channell" he called himself then, but he went to jail for twelve months as plain Robert Channell.

The manager of a local hotel where he stayed was among those from whom he obtained money.

He was amazed when it was revealed that his guest was not a naval officer.

It was while he was here that he carried out one of his most impudent exploits.

He met a tea planter from Ceylon who was staying in the hotel and told him, in his usual convincing way, that he was a Lieutenant-Commander on H.M.S. *Effingham* when she was stationed at Ceylon.

Before persuading this man to put up money for some bogus scheme, he entertained him in a room at a naval barracks. He had borrowed the room from a friend!

To another victim he explained that he was a retired naval officer receiving an allowance from his family in Australia, and that he had come to England to take up a position with the Royal Mail Line.

An important official of the Embarkation Department and a Naval Intelligence Officer were two other of his shams. And all on the very doorstep of the Navy where he was liable to be shown up at any moment!

His record in England is bad enough, but in Australia he was often only at large for a few months before the authorities clapped him into jail again. He was classed as an habitual criminal.

All his convictions there were for obtaining money by false pretences

In New South Wales and Tasmania his police record is particularly bad.

Although he constantly posed as an officer in the Australian Navy, I have discovered that there is no official record of any such service.

FOR a time he resorted to the use of drugs and, on his own admission, was once detained in a nursing home at Rose Bay for treatment.

He took to drugs, he said, because his health was seriously affected through a flying accident.

Stories of his many thrilling adventures in the air always hold the rapt interest of people to whom he retails them. He knows how to make them sound real.

Yes, Maxwell-Channell is certainly an amazing crook; but the right setting for him is not a luxury hotel but a prison cell.

Write to 'John Bull' About It!

Christmas Pie

Every member of JOHN BULL's great family will want to have a copy of the grand *Christmas Pie* which will soon be on the bookstalls.

Between the gay covers of this magnificent 100-page annual the best work of famous authors and artists will give you hours of entertainment.

Christmas Pie is only 6d. and all profits go to King George's Jubilee Trust. It will be out on Wednesday, November 2. Order your copy now.

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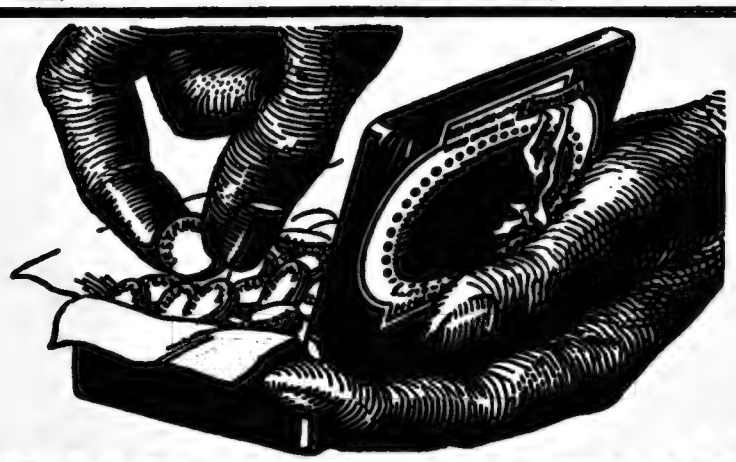

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It seems silly that so many people resign themselves to Winter illness without once trying the most potent of all Nature's remedies—pure Vitamin Yeast. Taken in time in the form of Yestamin tablets, this special Yeast offers the greatest resisting power to winter's attack. It strengthens the weak spot at which illness strikes while giving the whole system a *natural* tonic that lasts. Yestamin is not a drug, though quite as potent, for it bucks you up as it builds you up. It is Yeast in the form you can afford (40 tablets cost but 6d.). It purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, tones up the liver, clarifies the brain and provides a natural laxative. You could not start winter with a finer safeguard.

YESTAMIN is sold in five sizes
40 tablets for 8d.
100 tablets for 1/-
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Of all Chemists

MAKE THIS TEST

If you haven't tried YESTAMIN and are subject to *COLDS, CHILLS, 'FLU, ANAEMIA, NERVOUS TROUBLES, DEBILITY, INDIGESTION (often the first sign of Duodenal Ulcer), CONSTIPATION* or any other "deficiency disease" we offer to send a full size 6d. tin of YESTAMIN (40 tablets) on receipt of 3d. stamps. Just post the form below.

YESTAMIN

TRIAL SUPPLY of 40 Tablets for 3d.

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To the Yestamin Company, Dept. C.
(THE ENGLISH GRAINS CO., LTD.), BURTON-ON-TRENT.
I enclose 3d. stamps for Trial Tin of 40 Yestamin Tablets.

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SALES VACANCIES.—Every year 4,000 new men are required. You can qualify by interesting home study to receive introductions to SALARIED POSITIONS.—Send to-day for Free book, "Salesmanship," to Dept. 19A, Wallace Attwood College, Victoria House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

TELEPHONY, RADIO & MOTOR ENGINEERING ARE EXPANDING RAPIDLY, there are lots of vacancies. Our Postal Courses will make you eligible; advice on all careers free.—Dept. T.38,
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REPORTERS and Journalists are wanted all over the world. No apprenticeship. Our postal course is sufficient.—Dept. J.38,
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CARNIVAL GOODS, Balloons, Hats & Novelties, Wigs, etc. Send for free bargain list.—"Uneedus," 70/72, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

HANDSOME NEW GUIDE to RUGMAKING free with Sample Rug Wools from 6½d. Rd. Knit Wools from 2d. oz. Enclose 2d. for postage.—NEWCASTLE WOOL CO., LTD. (Dept. 71), NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

FOR HARD WEAR and Service, a London Bus Driver's Reefer Coat cannot be beaten. All sizes can be had for 7/9 from Whitefield, Reid & Co. See page 2.

PULLOVERS.—Wonderful Offer. Buy now for Winter.—Essential Supplies, see page 3.

ADVICE TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS. — Let Mrs. Howard give you her expert advice on dressing the Modern Baby. See her advertisement, page 2. Home-made, 75-piece Layette for only 30/-. Also choicest quality, 42/-.

FREE catalogue of the latest 1939 Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair and complete range of coverings. Fill in coupon on page 28.

THE most wonderful bargain ever offered to *John Bull* readers. Don't overlook the Feather Down Quilt and FREE Bedspread offered by Marshall Ward on the Back Cover. 3/- down secures this bargain set, the total cost being only 18/11.

GAUNTLET GLOVES—Warm Fur-back, Real Leather Full Length 6/- only. See Supreme Gauntlets ad., page 3.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

DO YOU KEEP CHICKENS? Here's splendid news for all poultry keepers . . . a unique opportunity not to be missed. To-day the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic invites you, whether you keep a few fowls in the backyard or farm on an extensive scale, to participate in a great new money-saving plan that will be worth POUNDS. Thousands of men and women interested in keeping poultry are already benefiting by this great idea—make sure you have details immediately by sending a postcard for particulars to:—Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic, Dept. J.B.5, 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

GARDENING.

PORTABLE BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED!! Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, etc., now available made from genuine Western Red Cedar, the everlasting wood which defies rot, will not warp, crack or shrink and has a beautiful appearance. Prices are as low as 37/6 and all models are available on easy terms from 2/- down. FREE DELIVERY ALL SIZES. Send at once for FREE Illustrated Catalogue to: R. H. Hall & Co. (Kent), Ltd., 30, Paddock Wood, Kent.

THE NEW-STYLE GARDENING MAGAZINE. "GARDENING" SCORES AGAIN! 100-page October number is packed with practical information on autumn-flowering shrubs, border pinks and other old favourites, hydrangeas, climbers for walls and fences; plant protection, fruit gardens, greenhouse cultivation, cold frames, etc. Specially interesting diagrams showing work to be done now, and also a money-saving garden layout. 24 ARTICLES and FEATURES and 70 ILLUSTRATIONS. On sale everywhere, sixpence.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (839 W.), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

COLDS AND HEADACHES quickly relieved by Cephos, the Physician's Remedy. Recommended by Doctors and Nurses. In Powder or Tablets. Send p.c. for FREE SAMPLE.
CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

NERVES! Do you jump at the least sound? Are you depressed?—sleepless? Stop worrying! You can get perfectly fit again by simple natural means. Find out how Nature gives wonderful relief from "nerves."—Write for special FREE booklet, "Those Troublesome Nerves," to HEATH & HEATHER, LTD., (N.16D), ST. ALBANS.

A FREE Sample of URACE brand tablets for rheumatism sufferers is offered in ad. on p. 27.

HEALTHY legs for all! Don't let leg troubles cripple you. Send for free sample and booklet. See page 33.

FREE to sufferers from hair troubles—a testing package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap. Fill in the coupon on page 29 and enclose 3d. in stamps.

FREE.—A sample of Dole's Gin Pills for Kidney Trouble, Backache, etc.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 31/33a, Banner St., London, E.C.1. See p. 33.

SUFFERERS from Constipation. Get a free sample of Epeotabs, the new pleasant way of taking salts. Simply write to Epeotabs, Ltd. (J.B 1), 59, Chancery Lane, W.C.2. See page 33.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ENDOWMENT POLICIES
PURCHASED OUTRIGHT.—A. A. LEWIS,
22, TIB LANE, MANCHESTER, 2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.1), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

GREAT SALE of Men's Three Zip Pullovers. See advert. for Essential Supplies on page 3.

FREE!—Send a p.c. to Odol (Dept. J.B.5), Norwich, and a free trial sample of this famous dentifrice will be sent by return. See p. 22.

MEN!—Preserve your health and fitness by wearing a Spencer Supporting Belt. — Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 64, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon., for free Booklet and further particu. See p. 28.

FREE.—Send for a sample of Hinder Hair Tint, stating shade required, to Hinder, Ltd., 5, Ct. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and enclose 2d. for postage. See page 34.

FREE.—£10 is offered by the makers of Zubes on page 27. All you have to do is to provide the 4th line to one of three unfinished Limericks in the advertisement. Read announcement for full details, conditions, etc., then send in your entry at once.

Continuing Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier

Soldier Branded as "Mental"

Sir Lawrence Brock, Chairman of the Board of Control, has the reputation of being very human. What does he think about this case?

JOHN DONOVAN, a fine, strapping young man of twenty-three, joined the Army recently.

He was posted to the Dorset Regiment at Weymouth and was soon revelling in his new life.

Then, like a bolt from the blue, came the intimation from the Board of Lunacy Control that he was a mental deficient, and they were applying for his immediate discharge.

Until this moment young Donovan had not the faintest idea that he had ever been in any such category.

True, he had been placed in the care of the London County Council when he was eight years old. That was shortly after his mother was taken to a mental hospital.

His father, a general dealer, was away from home a great deal, and that was why he and his baby sister were taken care of by the authorities.

There was never any suggestion, so far as he knew, that he was regarded as anything but a normal child.

On completing his schooling he was sent to the Catholic Training Colony at Besford Court, Worcester.

Here he was trained as a bricklayer, and when he was twenty-one, he was transferred to the care of the Guardianship Society.

Arrangements were made for him to lodge in Brighton and he was provided with bricklayer's tools.

He soon found a job and, under the rules of the organisation, his wages were handed to his landlady.

* * *

She retained 16s. a week, gave him 2s. 6d. for pocket money, and sent the balance to the Society.

After deductions for the cost of his training and tools, the rest, so Donovan understood, was placed in a savings account for him.

While he was in Brighton his father died and he was asked if he would care to contribute towards the cost of the funeral from his savings which, he was told, were about £16.

Naturally he agreed to do so, and 30s. was paid.

Donovan was also given 10s. to attend the funeral in London.

Shortly afterwards the building job on which he was employed was finished, and Donovan was out of a job.

Tired of being idle, he went to London and enlisted.

He sent a telegram to his landlady and also notified the Guardianship Society.

It was then he received the startling intimation from the Board of Control that he was registered as a mental deficient.

"You can't join the Army," he was told. "You are a mental deficient, and we shall apply for your immediate discharge."

Imagine the shock of this news to the young soldier.

He saw his Commanding Officer, who listened to his story and then shook his head. He was afraid that, in the circumstances, the application of the Board of Control would be granted.

Later, when the formal application for Donovan's discharge arrived, his company officer and the C.O. made further enquiries.

Here was a man who appeared to be perfectly normal and likely to become a first class soldier. They felt there must be something wrong.

But they did not know the stubborn obstinacy of the autocratic Board of Control.

* * *

In the end the C.O. was advised by the War Office that they could not interfere with the civil authorities in a case of this kind.

Donovan was told that it could only be a matter of a few days before he would have to leave the Army.

In desperation he wrote to Father P. F. McSwiney, of the Besford Court Training Colony, where he had been taught his trade.

Private John Donovan, whose C.O. is sure he will make a splendid soldier

He replied that he knew efforts were being made to obtain his discharge from the Army, but he was afraid he could do nothing as the matter rested with the Army Council. Possibly it would help if his Commanding Officer interceded.

Father McSwiney ended his letter in a way he was not likely to have done if he had imagined that the Board of Control was justified in trying to keep its grasp on Donovan.

"I am glad to hear that you like being in the Army," he wrote, "and I hope you will be allowed to stay in it."

Donovan again approached his C.O. and a few days ago he was informed that the Army Council had received his discharge from the Board of Control, so he could remain a soldier.

For once the soulless bureaucracy of this body has been defeated, but the simple facts show how urgent it is that the tremendous powers with which they are vested should be overhauled.

There are thousands of victims like John Donovan of whose plights we never hear.

Public Benefactor

Mr. Ian MacLean, of 69, Prince of Wales Drive, Battersea, London, S.W., furnished information which enabled me to link up a number of people running the same scheme in various disguises.

He gets the £1 1s. this week.

On the Edge of the Law

SCARED from his New Bond Street address by my recent exposure, Edward Donallon, one of the most persistent share-pushers, has opened up at 95, Dean Street, Oxford Street, London.

It is the same old racket, and there are promises of stupendous profits for anyone who will trust him with their investments.

For thirty years he has been at this game in one form or another.

It's a Sell

A MAN who up to the present has hidden his name is bluffing householders into paying £3 10s. for vacuum cleaners which are supposed to be valued at £18. He advertises in local papers offering a cleaner, "as good as new—cost £18—circumstances compel lady to sell."

Those who reply receive a call from a man who gives a demonstration and takes cash for what looks like a bargain.

Next day the cleaner will not work.

It is found that old parts have been cleverly put together and faked so that the cleaner appears to be all right during the demonstration.

Shares Ramp

HENRY GOULDING, who saddled many people over here with the rickety Canadian Kirkland Gold Rand, Ltd., shares before he fled to Canada, has had the audacity to try to sell them more gold shares.

Writing from Montreal, he says that, as a return from K.G.R. may be delayed, he offers shares in Consolidated Diana Gold Mines, Ltd., for quick dividends.

Ignore this most impudent of share-pushers.

Writes to "John Bull" About it

Queer

VARIOUS apartment-house keepers have been mystified by approaches made to them by Butler's Holiday Association, of Cannon Street, London, E.C.

They refer to someone who has booked accommodation, and say they have been asked to find someone willing to take over the reservation.

The suggestion is then made that they be allowed to advertise the rooms in the name of the owner, "because certain newspapers will not accept advertisements from agencies, as you are aware."

Then this: "We should like you to forward us any surplus replies, so that we may offer applicants other accommodation we have for disposal."

Queer way of doing business.

She Weeps Her Way to Wealth

A WOMAN crook, who works chiefly with her tears and seldom swindles any one person of more than two or three pounds, is making more than one thousand pounds a year.

She is so successful that Scotland Yard has sent out a special warning about her to police throughout the country.

Always respectably dressed, she usually stands near the entrance to a railway station and, by a superb piece of acting, gives the impression of a very decent sort of woman faced with some sudden distress.

Her silent weeping would be the envy of any film star.

Invariably a man or woman hurrying by stops and looks back. Many speak to her.

With just the right calculation of diffidence she produces a screwed-up piece of paper on which is scrawled: "Fred in —— Hospital, badly hurt, accident. Come at once."

The name of a town, always far distant, is varied according to where she is.

* * *

Then comes the story, in halting words, of a friend who had arranged to meet her with money for her fare because she had expected her husband home that day, and she was down to her last few shillings.

It seems incredible, but in this way five or six pounds is quickly picked up in one town—just loans, of course, which will be repaid without fail!

Never long in one place, she rings the changes on a long list of aliases, including "Ada Blackburn," "Rose Neale," "Ethel Moreland" and "Grace Townsend."

It is not always her husband who is lying so critically ill.

Sometimes it is a sister, perhaps her aged mother.

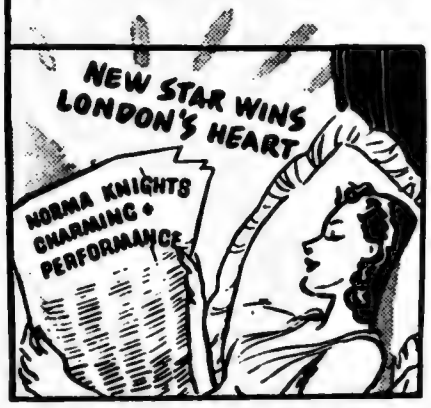
Again, she may be a widow whose only son has been knocked down by a car, or involved in some other serious accident.

She is fifty-two, and has been to jail eight times since 1904.

NORMA KNIGHT's rise to stardom

EPISODE 18

Norma becomes a star overnight



Next morning Norma woke up to find herself famous.

Telegrams and messages of congratulation arrived in shoals.

Reporters rushed to interview her.
WHAT IS YOUR ADVICE TO GIRLS WHO WANT TO ACHIEVE SUCCESS, MISS KNIGHT?
TO LOOK AFTER THEIR COMPLEXIONS! I'VE ALWAYS CARED FOR MINE WITH Knight's Castile

Follow Norma's rule for success—wash with Knight's Castile night and morning. *Soon romance comes to Norma.*

Knight's Castile

SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE

4D PER TABLET (UK ONLY)

KC 228-364-68 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED, LONDON, E.16. Soap Makers since 1810

Real life stories of RHEUMATISM

Could scarcely walk with Sciatica

Case C. 87,
Mr. R. Brodie,
Dundee.
Actual photo below

Mr. Brodie writes:
"I suffered from Sciatica for 3 years and I gradually became worse as time went on. I attended the local Infirmary for eighteen months, had electric treatment and obtained there a mixture to cleanse the blood. I became almost unable to walk to the Infirmary for treatment. One day a lady assisted me along the road, she was a stranger to me, and when I told her why I could scarcely walk **she told me to try Fynnon Salt** and persevere in taking it. After the first tin I noticed a marked improvement. I could get in and out of bed without help, the periods of acute pain were fewer, and as the months passed I became my old self again, last summer I was able to attend a camp for a whole week, I had thought my camping days were over."

Daily Spa Treatment at home

In spite of various new treatments for Rheumatic conditions, nothing can show more cures than Nature's own minerals which spring from the earth at famous Spas. The drawback of Spa treatment is not only its expense, but the fact that it has to come to an end! In Fynnon Salt you have seven Salts of the Earth of which the most active elements are **Sodium, Potassium and Lithium.** And you can take them *every day*, giving your liver and kidneys a cleansing flush which keeps the bloodstream fresh and clear of waste. Uric acid *cannot* remain in the system under these conditions. Its crystal prongs dissolve and every trace of the poison is gradually washed away.

Keep your kidneys active, bloodstream pure, complexion fresh, spirits lively by a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water every day. Large tins 1/3 from all chemists.

FYNNON, LTD., BRENTFORD.

SLIM AND BE FIT

When excess fat is caused by un-eliminated waste in the body turning to fatty acid, Fynnon Salt proves a godsend. It reduces overweight in the healthy way that Nature intended.

FYNNON SALT For Fitness

★ *Accept this unique*

HEALTH OFFER...

IF you are run down, lack appetite and zest for life, fill in the coupon in the announcement on page 16, for Special Trial Supply of 40 tablets of Yestamin, the wonderful Vitamin yeast treatment. Enclose 3d. stamp for postage, etc.

Send for this

FREE CATALOGUE

of the Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair

—it adjusts itself!

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His Fists are his Fortune!

HANNEN SWAFFER'S Who's Who

This Week: PETER KANE

ALTHOUGH Peter Kane, the fly-weight, who is Britain's only world champion, has during his short career earned nearly £15,000, and saved every penny, he still works regularly as a blacksmith for £2 10s. a week!

He throws down his hammer just in time to arrive in a town two hours or so before a fight, and then, after winning, goes home by a midnight train so that, at eight in the morning, he can be back at work.

"If nothing goes wrong," John Harding, the general manager of the National Sporting Club, told me, "Kane will earn from £70,000 to £80,000, more than any British boxer has ever earned, before he retires. And he will keep it all."

Peter, who is only 22, has already learned the lesson of the Ring.

It was pitiful to hear from Jack Harding of the plight into which most British ex-champions have fallen.

"Broke. . . . Broke. . . . Broke. . . ." said John, reading out name after name, going through the records of Britain's former champions.

Johnny Basham, the greatest boxer of them all, is without means. Young Josephs is paralysed and broken.

TANCY LEE, who beat Jimmy Wilde before Jimmy Wilde beat him, is allowed a pension of £1 a week by the National Sporting Club.

Harry Corbett is nearly blind. Frank Goddard is seriously ill.

Jimmy Wilde, the most popular of our boxers who ever stepped into the ring, lost his money in the Jimmy White smash, uncomplainingly.

He still smiles in his quiet way, and goes on working to try to unite boxers for their own benefit.

Yet they will not, merely for personal reasons, I am assured, even grant him a referee's certificate!

Harry Mizler, fairly wealthy, invested his money in house property. Jack Petersen kept his winnings. So did Len Harvey. Joe Beckett owns some house property. Tommy Farr, too, has been very careful.

Bombardier Wells, whose personal popularity remains, has been getting work on the films. So has Gunner Moir, heavyweight champion before him.

Ben Foord went back to South Africa by no means rich.

Reggie Meen became an all-in wrestler. Kid Lewis, when last I saw him, was running a bottle party club near Charing Cross Road.

Jackie Brown is a masseur. Elky Clark writes newspaper articles. Jack Bloomfield, an undefeated champion, runs a pub and also a restaurant.

Now some boxers find much of their winnings gone in training and other expenses. Some, when they win, don't ever get their money.

Some waste it all. Some are over-generous—"easy come, easy go."

Others save it, and then are unfortunate in business, losing all except their fame. In the end, even that is usually forgotten.

Now, I have spoken so far of the famous ones. There are nearly 4,000 professional boxers in Britain, and most of them are so badly paid that, as John Harding put it, "in unlicensed fights it has been known that a boxer gets as little as 7s. 6d. The ordinary six-round fighter doesn't earn more than £50 a year in the ring. He either has another job, or he goes hungry.

"The division of the spoils is shamefully unequal. To pay one man £3,000 for an hour's fighting and to give another man only £3 for quite as much endurance is hopelessly unfair.

"Licensed boxers cannot receive less than £1 for six rounds, but even this is an outrageously small sum for a man who is expected to train as an athlete, take a chance of disfigurement, possibly be out of a job for weeks on end, and then perhaps leave the game at the end of it all a physical wreck."

At the National Sporting Club's rooms in the Hotel Splendide, Piccadilly, they give Monday-night shows, with members in evening dress sitting at dinner tables round the ring.

USUALLY 50 per cent. of the boxers who appear are unemployed men.

They announce, every now and then, in the ring: "This man is an unemployed fitter," or "This man is an unemployed taxidriver." Collections are made for them.

And, out of eighty men who have boxed on these Monday nights, twenty jobs have been found after an announcement of their unemployment has been made.

Now Peter Kane has profited by his knowledge of all this poverty. He sticks to his job. He saves his money.

He has just lost, in an operation, the small finger of his right hand, which had been badly bruised. But his money is safe.

When, unknown, young Peter first came to London to box for the National Sporting Club, he was paid £68 6s., his share of the gate.

A few weeks later the N.S.C. paid him £104 4s. 2d., his share that night. A month later his percentage was £84 9s. 6d.

The public then did not think he was worth paying to see!

YET the experts knew he had skill that was extraordinary, a brain that was as cool as an ice-box, and a mind that was full of plans.

When Kane first came down to London, to fight Pat Warburton, he arrived looking like a replica of Eddie Cantor with his big pop eyes.

Without speaking a word, he went to his dressing-room, walked into the ring, knocked his man out in one round, went back to his dressing-room, and, within ten minutes of coming out of the ring, had got his bag packed ready to catch the midnight train so that he could be back at work the first thing in the morning.

I don't suppose he spoke a dozen words from the time he arrived until he caught the train back. Then he had to ask his way!

Well, a few weeks later, on June 28, he fought ten rounds with Petit Piguet, knocked him out in nine rounds, and was paid £1,000.

For his first two fights with Benny Lynch, who is now in a nursing home after a fight with Drink, he got about £3,000. Lynch got the verdict both times, although, on the second occasion, at Liverpool, I think Kane earned it.

He is now making big money all over the place.

Peter, who lives at Golbourne, thirty miles from Liverpool, is engaged to be married to a sweet little girl. He has no desire for the bright lights, as has Jack Doyle.

He just wants to be left alone to do his job. You can safely predict that when he finishes his boxing days he will be back in the place where he was born, comfortably settled for life with a wife and family.

Shrewd and hard-headed, he is the best listener that I know. He never tenders advice, but always asks for it, and then does exactly what he wants to do himself.

He will be, before long, just as much of a credit to British boxing as were Jimmy Wilde and Jack Petersen.

And, when his life-story is written, it will include, not only Ted Denvir's name, but that of Johnny Best, the Liverpool promoter, who first saw in Peter a future champion.

Ted Denvir has steered Peter in all his fights. They are like father and son, just as once were Teddy Lewis and Jimmy Wilde.

If you want to watch perfect co-operation between fighter and manager, the Kane-Denvir combination is the greatest object-lesson since Carpentier and Descamps.

To see Denvir in a corner when his boy has been hurt is to see a man receiving invisible punishment. Every time Kane gets a punch you see Denvir wince. He feels it when Peter does.

IF Kane gets in a corner, and you watch Denvir, you see him edging round as though he is trying to pull Kane out of it.

Peter Kane is an example of the perfectly balanced boxer. Whether he has received £1,000 or a thousand shillings, his behaviour has always been exactly the same. His job is to fight, to win, and to save his money.

"I make the prediction that Kane will finish the wealthiest fighter in the last half-century of British boxing," declares John Harding.

When last I called in at the National Sporting Club, several young boxers were waiting, asking for a try-out. They all looked keen and eager.

I wondered what would become of them. Would "The Game" in the end beat them?

Peter Kane, the perfectly balanced boxer. His job is to fight, to win, and to save his money. He does it all

We can't all be as physically perfect as this athlete; but we can be fit and well, and it is the Government's duty to provide us with a path to health

"John Bull" is sending a copy of this article to the Prime Minister, every Cabinet Member and every Member of Parliament

WANTED— ONE-YEA

"FILL up the gaps in Britain's defence!"

That is the cry which will be exploited for the profit of the arms makers when Parliament reassembles a week next Tuesday.

More huge bills in the name of Might. More guns, tanks, shells, bombs. More grist to the mills of war.

IT WILL BE STARK LUNACY IF THE PEOPLE OF THIS COUNTRY ARE STAMPEDED INTO SUCH A FRENZY OF MILITARY AGGRANDISEMENT.

When the crisis came last month, it found our fighting services not only as efficient and as well equipped as those of other nations, but organised for swift and easy expansion and with abundant reserves of materials.

No! The gaps in our armour were not to be found in the Army, Air Force or Navy.

They were in the complete unpreparedness of the civil population to play its part in the country's defence; and in the lack of elementary provisions for the protection of the population.

So unready were our citizens that it seemed as if their rulers had failed to realise the fact that the main battle line of any future war would be the Home Front. Had failed even to realise that the greatest power behind diplomacy, negotiation or conference which any nation can possess to-day is the ability of its civilians to face and overcome an emergency.

In history it will not be Herr Hitler's Nuremberg speech of 1938 which will be important. It will be the declaration made in that city a year earlier:

"If I should ever want to attack an enemy . . . I should not negotiate or make open preparations . . . I should fall upon my enemy suddenly, like lightning striking out of the night."

His "lightning," of course, would be the unheralded swoop of the bomber, and its deluge of destruction on the capital and industrial heart of the enemy.

The only counter to such a blow is national organisation on a scale which, because of its wealth and resources, can be achieved by this country alone.

It is no use measuring our safety by the provision of gas masks for 70 per cent. of the people, trenches for 5 per cent. of them, evacuation schemes for one in 2,000, and modern anti-aircraft artillery which represents only one-fiftieth of the minimum needed.

The revelation that, a few weeks ago, this was the limit of our passive defence system has already aroused a national storm of indignation.

EVEN more disquieting was the evidence that, with the exception of a few hundred thousand men and women, none had the faintest idea of what they would have been expected to do in an emergency. There was not even a shadow scheme by which they could have been given guidance.

Yet, long before crisis broke, the common people of Britain were anxious to know what their duties as individuals would be if they were called upon to defend their homes.

To-day, after the lesson of Godesberg, they are more willing than ever to serve and more anxious than ever to learn the extent of their responsibility.

Yes, the people of Britain are anxious, are clamouring to be organised so that their inner strength will be a lasting guarantee for world peace.

They do not want, nor do they need, Four- or Five-Year Plans on the models of Germany and Russia.

Months, one year at the most, will be sufficient to make them ready to face any crisis calmly—**IF THE GOVERNMENT ADOPTS A BUSINESSLIKE ATTITUDE, PRODUCES SOUND PLANS AND PUTS THEM INTO OPERATION AT ONCE.**

Already preparations are in hand for the census of the population in 1941.

Let the machinery for it be simplified and used for the compilation of a National Register of the man power of the nation.

If the will is there, the census can be taken and the results classified before Christmas.

The label of conscription would not be attached to this stocktaking. There would be need for only one measure of compulsion—to ensure that every citizen answered the simple questions which would be asked.

WHEN THAT WAS ACHIEVED, WHEN EVERY MAN AND WOMAN WAS ALLOTTED A PLACE INSIDE OR OUTSIDE THE DEFENCE SCHEME, BRITAIN WOULD BE ON THE HIGH ROAD TO PEACE AND SAFETY.

There would be no military purpose, such as preparation to make war abroad, in this essential census. To a great extent it would make conscription unnecessary, even in extreme circumstances, because not only would the country be in immediate readiness for any call, but overlapping, confusion and waste would be prevented when that call came.

ANOTHER hole in our armour is one which, we have reason to believe, Cabinet advisers have long been urging Ministers to fill in.

It is the health of the nation! The inability of a great section of the people to take part in any prolonged

OCTOBER 22, 1938

ANTED—a E-YEAR PLAN

> There is no reason why the farms of Britain should not be mobilised for peace as well as war — and kept mobilised for ever

Months, one year at the most, will be sufficient to make them ready to face any crisis calmly—**IF THE GOVERNMENT ADOPTS A BUSINESSLIKE ATTITUDE, PRODUCES SOUND PLANS AND PUTS THEM INTO OPERATION AT ONCE.**

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ANOTHER hole in our armour is one which, we have reason to believe, Cabinet advisers have long been urging Ministers to fill in.

It is the health of the nation! The inability of a great section of the people to take part in any prolonged national effort because of physical debility.

It is no secret that Herr von Ribbentrop, while German Ambassador to Britain, was to survey the fitness of the British people. In this he was aided by visiting doctors from Berlin.

HIS reports made encouraging reading for the Nazis. They told how, because of unemployment, malnutrition and widespread poverty, the youth of this country was ill-fed, badly clothed, and given little chance to develop manly health and strength.

The Nazis estimated that, apart from the gains of their five years' day-and-night preparation for war, they had another six months' advantage over Britain.

It would take that time, they believed, to begin to lick the youth of this country into physical shape for military service.

Despite what constructions were put upon von Ribbentrop's reports, much of what they said was true.

One fact is all we need to recognise—the fact that in Britain today are five and a half million people—one-eighth of the population—with only 4s. a week or less for food.

Important as rearmament may be, the quality of the human material to provide and use the means of defence is of greater importance.

Yet, during the period Parliament has been in recess, hundreds of local authorities, with the connivance of the Government, have been slashing their expenditure on health services.

They have done so in face of proof, given to them by their medical officers, that the public health is being increasingly sapped by malnutrition.

For the research which would help to reduce this leakage in the national strength the State this year has thought it sufficient to spend only £200,000—2s. of every £100 which the burden of sickness is costing the country!

That cost, represented by value of work lost and the treatment and maintenance of invalids, is not less than £283,000,000 a year.

Only through the agency of the health services can the people attain the fitter and fuller life necessary for an efficient national defence service.

Therefore, the first action of the Government must be to render these services immune from further attack, and, temporarily at least, the Government must also make a new use of the medical panel system, which operates at present only for the cure of sickness.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR THE MACHINERY OF THE PANEL TO BE APPLIED TO A GENERAL STOCKTAKING OF THE NATION'S HEALTH. PANEL DOCTORS SHOULD BE GIVEN THE JOB OF ASSESSING THE PHYSICAL STANDARDS OF THE 16,000,000 PEOPLE UNDER THEIR CARE, AND OF PROVIDING THEM WITH WHATEVER TREATMENT IS NECESSARY TO REPAIR DEFECTS THEY MAY HAVE.

SUCH A SURVEY NEED NOT TAKE MORE THAN THREE OR FOUR MONTHS. THE COST OF IT WOULD BE ABOUT A QUARTER OF THE PRICE OF A BATTLESHIP.

Next, the National Fitness campaign, on which £2,000,000 is being wasted this year.

It must not only be accelerated, but it must reorganise from top to bottom.

The campaign has been a failure because, in the public view, it has been devoted too much to developing physical prowess, instead of giving simple instruction in methods of keeping well and fit.

It has also ignored the fact that a vast section of the population is unfit, through undernourishment, to receive any benefit from it at all.

Food. . . . Food. The lack of it. That is the root of so many of our problems.

Yet the Defence authorities have been complacent, almost sleepy, in their contentment with the plans they have made for feeding us in time of war.

True, there were battalions of administrators and brigades of officials waiting at their posts with schemes, complete on paper, for distribution and rationing.

But where was the food? There is an official silence when that question is asked.

The best that can be said is that Britain has food reserves for about six full weeks. If the entire population was placed on what is known as the "minimum poverty diet," supplies might last for three or four months.

So we are in a far worse position than twenty years ago.

THERE has been no bold and definite scheme to safeguard food in time of danger.

Even now, after the impact of crisis, there has, apparently, been no recognition by the Defence authorities that a policy based entirely on production of guns, munitions and aeroplanes to the neglect of food production and storage is neither intelligent nor wise.

It is senseless to have plans for the distribution of food and the prevention of famine prices and food queues when there is no assurance that the food itself will be forthcoming.

We are still depending on imports when our own land is producing barely one-third of what we consume. And the position grows worse from month to month.

In a few years the arable land under cultivation has fallen by 14 per cent. — from 14,300,000 to 12,000,000 acres—and 200,000 men, a quarter of the agricultural working population, have left the land in that time.

Why, it was even admitted during Crisis Week that not a single farmer in all Britain had been told what would be expected of him in the event of war. And it is known that it would take at least six months to organise the agricultural industry on an emergency footing!

Now is the time for the Defence chiefs to reverse their policy of discouraging expansion of home production in peace time.

THERE IS NOW NO REASON WHY PRODUCTION SHOULD NOT BE PERMANENTLY ON AN EMERGENCY BASIS, WHY THE RESERVES OF FERTILITY IN THE LAND SHOULD NOT BE MOBILISED FOR EVER.

INCREASED OUTPUT FROM THE LAND AND GREATER STORAGE WOULD NOT ONLY PROVIDE DEFENCE RESERVES, BUT WOULD SMOOTH OUT THE PEACE-TIME FLUCTUATIONS IN THE PRICE OF FOOD.

AT LEAST 10 PER CENT. OF OUR 1,800,000 UNEMPLOYED WOULD ALSO BE ABSORBED IN PRODUCTIVE LABOUR.

THE FOOD PROBLEM IN PEACE AND WAR IS ONE PROBLEM—NOT TWO.

What the farmers must get is a proper reorganisation of the marketing system to eradicate the uncertainty of prices—a reorganisation which would not mean any substantial increase in the price the consumer pays.

Britain is the only country in Europe which has not concentrated upon increased food production and storage—**UNTIL IT DOES SO, THE NATION'S DEFENCE WILL BE IN PERIL.**

Another job for Parliament when it meets again is to make A.R.P. wholly a national charge.

If voluntary effort in A.R.P. has broken down so heavily that it is beyond repair, there must be no patching up.

Let it be directed by a permanent executive of competent civil administrators, and served by a corps of trained and disciplined workers, paid for their services and responsible, under orders, for the performance of their duties.

MR. HORE-BELISHA'S endeavour to strengthen the Territorial Army is praiseworthy.

But the War Secretary will not get recruits in the numbers he seeks until he takes action to remove a scandal which has disgusted the country—**the victimisation of volunteers by bad employers.**

Since Territorial units were demobilised after the crisis, almost unbelievable reports of men being refused their former employment have reached JOHN BULL.

Reports, too, of firms ascertaining which of their workers were likely to be called up for any civil or military duties in emergency and dismissing them, even before the summons came.

The Government can prevent the repetition of such outrageous acts simply by publishing a black list of unscrupulous employers.

ONE last task in this plan to make Britain safe within a year.

Before the Cabinet decides to enter upon a Four Power conference or a world conference, it must remove the belief in the public mind that its co-operation with the Dominions and Colonies has been of the weakest kind.

After consultation with the Dominions, the people must be told in advance what concessions the British Empire is prepared to make for permanent peace, and the line on which the nation will be asked to stand fast.

When every man and woman knows his and her place in the defence machine, when the health and food of the country are assured, when passive defence is completely reorganised, when the Empire knows the limits of sacrifice to be made—**THEN, AND THEN ONLY, WILL GREAT BRITAIN BE UNASSAILABLE.**

"Crime Man" by Stanley Bishop

TEA-TIME MURDERER

who continues his thrilling series of the "inside stories" of crimes which have made history.

Fleet Street's most famous crime reporter is well known to "John Bull" readers for his graphic writing, and here he takes you behind the headlines, tells you about the human dramas he has watched from start to finish—from the discovery of the crime until that final moment when the judge pronounces sentence of death

● **HERBERT ARMSTRONG** had every chance to murder his wife

NEWSPAPERMEN are not easily scared, but when the pale blue eyes of Herbert Rowse Armstrong, the "Tea-time Poisoner," caught and held mine across the police court of Hay, in the county of Brecon, I felt the hair rise on the nape of my neck.

Yet I don't suppose he saw me, or any of the other reporters in the Press box. It was just a trick of his, that staring away into the middle distance.

But it was uncanny, devilish.

I had travelled overnight nearly two hundred miles to see this man—a pillar of county society, solicitor and clerk to the Hay magistrates, standing in the dock of the court which he had once ruled.

Attempted murder was the charge against him.

That first hearing didn't last long, mostly evidence of arrest and routine stuff like that, and Armstrong got quite an ovation from the townsfolk as he left for prison on his first remand.

BUT they did not cheer him later when to the attempted murder charge was added another—that of poisoning his wife, Katherine Mary Armstrong, with arsenic, one of the cruellest forms of death.

And when, convicted of his crimes, Armstrong was driven away from Hereford Assizes to pay the ultimate penalty, I had to push my way through crowds of booing women who lined the streets.

Their cries must have rung in his ears as he lay in the death-cell.

I know of no sound more ugly. . . .

From that first appearance in Hay police court I followed Armstrong through every stage of his famous trial.

I made contacts with people both inside and outside legal circles who were able to give me the "low-down" on a murder case that established a precedent in criminal law.

I saw the terrible price exacted by those two major sins, greed and vanity, which in some degree all of us share.

There is little doubt that Armstrong poisoned his way through life—to death. Any human obstacle in the way of his material progress, or any person who was being difficult, was removed by poison.

He gained control of an old-established law firm by the sudden and mysterious death of his partner.

At least two other deaths were put down to his record.

He murdered his wife because he wanted possession of her estate, valued at about £2,500.

She had left the property to her three children, with a legacy to an elderly servant.

Armstrong forged a second will which gave him the money.

Moreover, he planned a second marriage—to a richer, younger and more attractive woman. That marriage would have lifted Armstrong in county society by several degrees.

Mrs. Armstrong had not been in her grave three months before he was proposing to the other woman.

At the trial this woman gave evidence of her friendship with the greed-crazed solicitor, but her name was never disclosed. It was hidden under the title of "Miss X."

ARMSTRONG stood to gain substantially by the murder—if it had succeeded—of Oswald Norman Martin, the other Hay solicitor.

With Martin dead, Armstrong would have gobbled up his practice.

He would have had no other professional rival. All the local appointments for which a solicitor is needed would have tumbled into Armstrong's office.

Also, at the time of the murder attempt, Martin was pressing Armstrong for the return of £500, the deposit on an uncompleted land sale.

Therefore, as I have said, greed was the main influence in Armstrong's mind.

Now as to his vanity.

Like so many small men, Armstrong was desperately egotistical and self-assertive.

Physically inconspicuous, he forced himself into prominence by his bumptiousness.

That is, everywhere except at home, or when Mrs. Armstrong was present.

SHE was one of those weakly but super-determined women who rule a household with a rod of iron.

At home Armstrong had to pattern himself entirely to his wife's design. He could not smoke in the house except in one room.

He was allowed no alcohol, except an occasional glass of port. He was reprimanded in company. He had to be punctual to all meals. He had his "bath night" once a week, and no other engagement could interfere with this domestic arrangement.

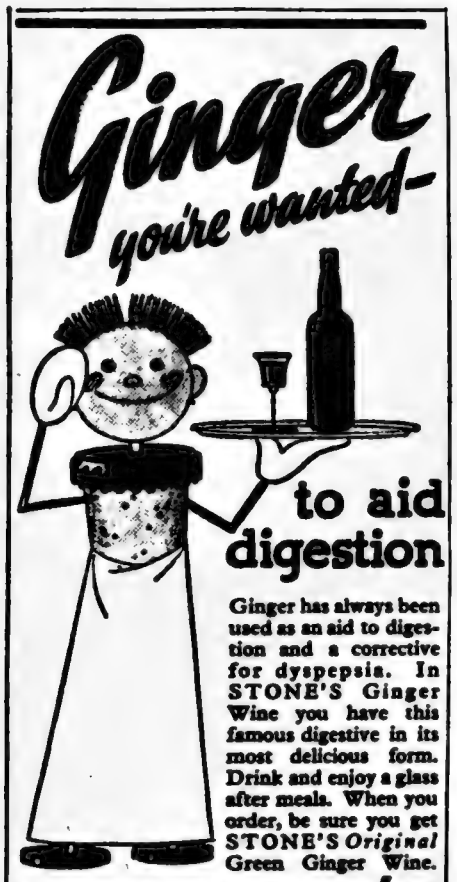
The wounds to Armstrong's vanity through his wife's discipline must have been deep. No doubt his resentment against her must have fed the greed of his poison plot.

Two incidents I witnessed strikingly recall to me his overpowering vanity.

The first occurred on the railway station at Hay after he had just been brought from court.

A slip of a man, wearing a "British warm" khaki greatcoat and a blue lounge suit, he was looking at a two-column newspaper picture of himself

(Continued on page 24)



Ginger you're wanted—

to aid digestion

Ginger has always been used as an aid to digestion and a corrective for dyspepsia. In STONE'S Ginger Wine you have this famous digestive in its most delicious form. Drink and enjoy a glass after meals. When you order, be sure you get STONE'S *Original* Green Ginger Wine.

STONE'S Ginger WINE

2/9

FAMOUS SINCE THE YEAR 1740

STONE'S ORANGE TONIC WINE 2/9

G.W. 32

Which Sandwich contains mustard?

The Bite Test will tell . . .

One bite at a sandwich will tell you if it contains mustard—and, strange as it may sound, the Bite Test is the surest way to tell a tooth-paste too! Grind a little of your present paste between your front teeth. If there is the least trace of grittiness, beware! Gritty tooth-pastes help to wear away the 1/1000th of an inch of enamel which is all that protects your teeth from decay at the gum-line. Don't take this risk. Change to the smoothest, finest tooth-paste you can buy—Odol. Dentists recommend this delicious paste because it is such a safe way to pearly teeth. Get a 6d. or 1/- tube of Odol to-day, or send 1d. postcard for free sample to—Odol (Dept. J.B.5), Norwich.

Let's see your Odol Smile!

Odol can be obtained as Tooth-paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouth-wash & Odol Denture Powder.

I ENVIED OTHER GIRLS
IT'S ONLY THE CLOTHES DORIS WEARS···· IF I COULD AFFORD THEM I'D GET TAKEN OUT TOO
YOU MUST HAVE THE COMPLEXION THOUGH, JEAN
THEN THE BEAUTY EXPERT TOLD ME
WHEN SKIN HAS LOST IT'S SPARKLE OLIVE OIL WILL BRING IT BACK. THAT'S WHY I SAY PALMOLIVE TO BRING BACK LOVELINESS AND KEEP IT
NOW OTHERS ENVY ME!
IF ONLY I WERE YOUNG AGAIN WITH A COMPLEXION LIKE YOURS MY DEAR
AGE IS NO HANDICAP TO PALMOLIVE. MRS. COLE
A ABUNDANT SUPPLY OF OLIVE OIL GOES INTO EVERY TABLET OF PALMOLIVE
3d per tablet
PALMOLIVE

'Plus' dog collects £4,000 on station platforms

MARIEGOLD OF CLAIRVAUX
is one of the world's most famous 'plus' dogs

Mr. Farley's St. Bernard is to be seen every day of the year on the platforms of Waterloo Station, London—devoting her life to the cause of charity.

MARIEGOLD OF CLAIRVAUX—Mary for short—is one of the world's most famous dogs—and a 'plus' dog of course. Seven years on the job, six hours a day, Mary goes padding up and down the platforms with her master, pushing her solemn face into compartments, collecting spare pennies off all and sundry.

Mr. Farley, her owner, has collected over £13,000 for charity with the help of Mary and her predecessors. "One Bob Martin's once a day for Mariegold—year in, year out" says Mr. Farley, "I rely on Bob Martin's to keep her up to the mark for a long day's work."

MAKE YOUR DOG A 'PLUS' DOG TOO

Rainy days mean loss of exercise and winter time means greasier foods. That's why dogs need a *regular* blood corrective in winter. You can make your dog a *plus* dog by regular conditioning with Bob Martin's Condition Powders.

These economical little powders—one a day—purify the blood, and pure blood means 'plus' dog health, appetite, coat and spirits. He'll thank you for his Bob Martin's.

WHY PURE BLOOD IS IMPORTANT IN WINTER

A dog's health in winter time depends on the purity of his blood and on the proper functioning of liver, kidneys and stomach. The purpose of condition powders is to stimulate these organs by purifying the bloodstream.

Winter feeding with greasier food and lack of exercise overcharge the blood with waste products, thereby putting an added strain on the internal organs, which can only function properly if they themselves are kept healthy by a pure blood supply! Regular conditioning with Bob Martin's is the only way of ensuring a pure bloodstream which is reflected in a dog's coat, health, appetite, energy and spirits.

From all chemists and dog-food shops, 6d. and 1/-.

Bob Martin's

is the rule to-day to keep dogs fit the 'plus' dog way

I have five to feed on 32/- a week

Breakfast at the Pinks' is a simple meal — corn flakes, bread and honey. But Rowntree's Cocoa makes it wonderfully nourishing.

"— and I've learnt that it's not the food children eat, but the food they digest that builds up their bodies," says Mrs. Pink, of Epsom.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA, SHE HAS FOUND, IS MORE DIGESTIBLE— AND ALSO HELPS TO DIGEST OTHER FOODS

"MY eldest boy, Wilfred, boxes," says Mrs. Pink, "and George plays football. So they must be pretty healthy and well fed — even though all we can allow for food is 32/- a week.

"How do we manage it? Well, a Nurse friend of mine told me once that it's not the food children *eat*, but the food they *digest* that builds up their bodies.

"She told me Rowntree's Cocoa is specially digestible and nourishing — that it even helps people to digest their other food better. I must say that my children have been much fitter since they've had Rowntree's Cocoa with their meals."

* * *

Rowntree's Cocoa is made by a special "predigestive" process, so that it actually helps people to digest all their other food, and get more nourishment from it. Meals with Rowntree's Cocoa give children *extra* energy.

HERE'S WHAT THEIR DAILY NOURISHMENT COSTS:

This is how Mrs. Pink budgets for a day's meals — at the rate of about 4/- a day. To show how much *nourishment* they get, each item is measured in "Calories" (food-energy units). According to the British Medical Association, a family as large as the Pinks needs 10,272 Calories a day.

	Prices (approx.)	*Calories*
Corn flakes (½ packet)	3d.	440
Milk (1½ pints for whole day)	4½d.	750
Sugar (4 ozs. for whole day)	1d.	460
Bread (¾ quartern)	3d.	1500
Honey (1 3 lb.)	4d.	500
Rowntree's Cocoa (12 cups with ½ pint milk)	3d.	880
Liver (½ lb.)	7½d.	440
Bacon (5 rashers — 7 ozs.)	8d.	1375
Fried potatoes (2 lbs.)	2½d.	2270
Cabbage	2½d.	90
Rice (2 ozs.)	1d.	200
Butter (6 ozs.)	7d.	1300
Jam (½ lb.)	2d.	325
Total	3/11	10,530

The Pinks, therefore, are getting just the right amount of nourishment. But they wouldn't get the full amount of nourishment they need without Rowntree's Cocoa, which helps them to get the full good from their meals.

FREE GIFTS! Hundreds of valuable free gifts are offered in exchange for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons. Free Gift Coupons in every tin. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. CE72, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for the Free Gift Booklet, which contains a Free Voucher, value three coupons.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA AIDS DIGESTION

Tea-time Murderer

—continued from page 22

with a great deal of interest. A police officer stood by his side. There were a few other people on the platform, and Armstrong knew that their attention was concentrated on him.

He held up the newspaper picture to the police officer, and said in a voice that everybody could hear:

"It's not too bad of me, is it? I suppose all the newspapers in the country have my picture to-day, and will have them for some time.

The second incident was at the police court, and was unique in its impropriety.

Newspapers, even in those days, were forbidden to take photographs in court.

Armstrong was coming from the dock, and was passing close to the magistrates' bench, when a magistrate leant down from his seat, camera in hand, and took a "close-up" of the prisoner.

Armstrong paused in his stride and posed for the picture.

Perhaps that photograph is now shown at some Hereford country house as "Armstrong, the notorious poisoner, snapped in court by father."

AT the outset the Crown was in a grave difficulty. Armstrong was charged with two offences—attempted murder and murder.

From the point of view of the Crown the two charges were interlocked. There was little chance of securing conviction on the murder charge unless the conduct of Armstrong in relation to the attempted murder charge could be proved.

Was evidence on the minor charge admissible on the major charge? That was the issue.

Sir Ernest Pollock argued long on one side, and Sir Henry Curtis Bennett longer on the other.

Then Lord Darling gave his decision. The evidence *was* admissible.

His ruling, subsequently upheld by the Court of Criminal Appeal, has become a standard for all criminal cases in which two different charges are interwoven.

Armstrong's trial took place in the rather dilapidated, uncomfortable Shire Hall, Hereford, at the beginning of April, 1922, and lasted for nine days.

Lord Darling was the judge. He always liked the country atmosphere of the Oxford Circuit, and had friends in the Hereford district.

Sir Ernest Pollock, K.C., Attorney-General (later Lord Hanworth, Master of the Rolls), led for the Crown, and Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, K.C., who was brought to Hereford at a heavy figure on his brief, was chief for the defence.

With Lord Darling's words, Armstrong's fate was sealed

It was from the evidence concerning the attempted murder charge that Armstrong was given the title of the "Tea-time Poisoner." He had tried to kill Martin, his rival in law, after he had invited him to tea one day.

During the meal Armstrong handed his guest a buttered scone.

The prosecution alleged that this scone had, mixed with its butter, the crude arsenic which brought Martin to the verge of death.

BUT Martin did not die. Under the care of Dr. Thomas Hincks, a local practitioner, he recovered.

It was the fact, discovered by Dr. Hincks, that Martin was suffering from arsenical poison which led to the other charge against Armstrong.

Dr. Hincks was puzzled about the whole affair. He could not understand it. He had tests taken and found that Martin was being poisoned.

Then he remembered the symptoms of the last illness of Mrs. Armstrong.

Dr. Hincks became still more uncomfortable, for he had attended Mrs. Armstrong up to her death, and had signed the death certificate.

Never, I think, has there been such a problem for any small town doctor.

He believed that one of his patients had been poisoned. He was *certain* that another of his patients *had been poisoned*.

Dr. THOMAS HINCKS— solved his dilemma by a praiseworthy action

And the man whom he suspected of the dual crime was his friend and intimate.

Dr. Hincks solved his dilemma by a praiseworthy action—he admitted all his mistakes, and wrote to the Home Office telling the whole story.

His letter was passed to the Director of Public Prosecutions, and Armstrong was arrested.

WHEN the police searched the suspected killer they found in his pocket a screw of paper which contained two grains of arsenic—a fatal dose.

Dr. Hincks was completely frank about his errors of diagnosis in the case of Mrs. Armstrong.

He treated her for something functional, and had no idea about poison.

Then Mr. John Webster, analyst of St. Mary's Hospital, London, stated that he found *no less than 3½ grains* of arsenic in the body of Mrs. Armstrong.

"I have never," he said, "found a larger quantity of arsenic in the organs of any body I have tested."

Both Sir Herbert Willcox, the greatest authority on poisons in the world, and Sir Bernard Spilsbury gave separate opinions that the death of Mrs. Armstrong was due to a fatal dose of arsenic *within her last twenty-four hours*.

And that her illnesses, prior to death, were due to regular doses of arsenic.

Considering all the evidence, these specialists were definite in their assertions that Mrs. Armstrong could not have taken the last fatal dose of arsenic herself. It must have been administered to her.

Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, K.C., spoke for a whole day in making his opening speech for the defence.

Briefly, he maintained that, although there was no dispute that Mrs. Armstrong had died from the effects of arsenic, there was no evidence whatever that arsenic had been administered to her, least of all by her husband.

The only possible assumption, therefore, was that Mrs. Armstrong had taken the arsenic herself. Her husband was a confident witness on his own behalf.

With his legal training, he knew the wiles and guiles of examination and cross-examination.

The quality of his answers was exactly right. He spoke—like most small men—quickly and in staccato sentences. But he realised when to stop and not say too much or too little.

He admitted buying arsenic, but said that he bought it for weed-killing.

There were dandelions on his lawn, and he used to drive the powdered poison to the roots of the weeds. To do this he made up part of the poison into *twenty tiny paper packets*.

He thought he had used up all the packets, but apparently one had been overlooked—the one which the police had found in his pocket.

Armstrong made that story sound quite feasible, until Lord Darling took part in questioning.

It was the most damaging and deadly fifteen minutes of interrogation I have ever heard.

Armstrong began to contradict himself. It was easy to see that he realised his ingenuity had dug a pit from which there was little chance of escape.

He went back from witness-box to the dock with tired, dragging feet.

But the pendulum swung the other way in his favour with that fine, last appeal for his life made by Sir Henry Curtis Bennett.

IT was one of the best speeches the great advocate ever made, and completely overshadowed the final speech of the Attorney-General.

There remained the summing-up of the judge.

Lord Darling gave every possible emphasis to the contentions of the defence, but he also emphasised the flaws—grave flaws.

In spite of the judge's words, Sir Henry Curtis Bennett believed that he had won acquittal for Armstrong.

He thought the jury would be out a long time considering their verdict, and was taking a walk in the streets of Hereford when they returned.

Less than an hour had been taken to reach a verdict.

Slips of paper were passed round by the foreman, and each member was asked to write his decision.

Eleven came back bearing the word "guilty," while on the twelfth was written "not proven."

The juror who had put "not proven" looked at the foreman and said, "Well, Tom, you know why I have put that. But I believe the prisoner did it."

In that way Herbert Rowse Armstrong, solicitor, and magistrates' clerk of Hay, was convicted.

He was executed in Gloucester prison early one summer morning.

With the mask over his eyes, and just before the drop fell, he shouted, "Coming ——."

And he named the woman who at his trial had been known as "Miss X."

GOOD VALUE

SANDEMAN
THREE STAR PORT
6/- *per bottle*
Is an excellent wine and wonderful value for money.

SANDEMAN PICADOR
7/6 *per bottle*
Is better still. If you want a luxury wine—none better in the world—ask for Sandeman Imperial.
12/- *per bottle*

SANDEMAN
PORT

LOWEST PRICES FOR 20 YEARS means luxury marmalade for everyone —every morning

APPETITE FACT Breakfast-time is marmalade-time — for a very good reason. Marmalade 'balances' other breakfast foods, promotes regularity, helps you start the day right. Dieticians say so. What's more, it's true.

Now only 6½d. per 1 lb. jar buys the 'Marmalade of Millionaires'

Hallo everybody! LUXURY marmalade's down in price! Lowest price for 20 years! You may be a millionaire—but you won't find a better marmalade than Hartley's LUXURY Marmalade. You may have to worry about making both ends meet without having either end—but you won't find a better marmalade bargain than Hartley's LUXURY Marmalade. It costs 6½d. a lb. pot—this 'marmalade of millionaires.' It looks after your purse, and delights your palate—for just 6½d. a lb. pot!

START THE DAY RIGHT The first meal of the day is the most important. Get it wrong and you feel clogged—starchy—dull. With the 'millionaire's marmalade that ordinary people can afford' you'll feel fine. Your husband will. And how the kiddies love it!

The Hartley kind of Marmalade needs special 'clear-juice oranges.' Hartley's buyers pick and choose — get the best of the orange crop. Only the best are good enough to make marmalade of the Hartley kind.

Here's the pot to look for — it's a handsome pot, and in this case anyway, handsome is as handsome does. This label means LUXURY marmalade at a REASONABLE PRICE

ONLY 6½d PER 1 LB JAR 2 lbs. for 1/-

Question—
WHICH BREAKFAST LUXURY COSTS LESS?

Answer—
HARTLEY'S MARMALADE

THE IDEAL COMPANION FOR THE LONG EVENINGS

—THE 1939 *Berkeley* SUPERLAX

5/- WITH ORDER

FIRESIDE EVENINGS are back again, and to make the best of the long, peaceful hours with a book or pipe, knitting or sewing, you should spend them in the glorious comfort of the 1939 Berkeley Superlax. This is a new Easy Chair that sets the highest standard in home comfort. Thanks to the enormous demand for Berkeley Upholstery and to constant improvements in production at the great Berkeley factories, we are able to offer this sensationally improved model *at a reduced price.* Never, even in the long history of Berkeley successes, has better value ever been given, and the price is one that everybody can afford.

This 1939 Berkeley Superlax has new features which affect every part of the chair. It has a completely novel 'billowed' back, designed to afford your back and shoulders and head the most luxurious comfort. For your arms or hands to rest on there are thickly padded, rounded arms. Your legs too will be more comfortable because the new seat is rounded in front, while the springs are set even deeper than before. This model is equally suitable for tall and short. It has the well-known patented automatic action enabling you to change to any position—upright, resting or lounging—without leaving or adjusting the Chair. Fitted with concealed castors. The upholstery is of the finest quality—arms and seat being ALL HAIR stuffed—and you can choose your own Coverings to match any scheme of decoration.

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History is made at night

HE LANDED THE ORDER THE NIGHT BEFORE HE WENT AFTER IT

'You'll be landing my job next!' said his sales-manager. But it was the 'deep sleep secret' that gave him such confidence and vitality—brought out the success-streak in him

He had a hard man to deal with, and where others had failed he couldn't have been blamed for failing too. But *he* knew the secret of success — that most of life's battles are won or lost *the night before they happen.* Self-confidence, vitality, personality even — all depend on sound, restoring sleep. Not *length* of sleep but *scientifically sound* sleep is what matters. That's the sleep Bournvita gives you — soothing jaded nerves, and building up new vigour in mind and body.

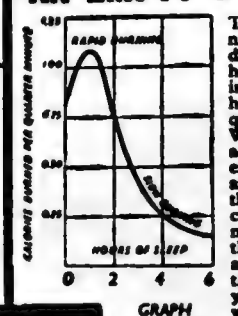
'Well, you've got something the others haven't got,' said the client admiringly. 'Thanks to Bournvita,' thought the salesman.

SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO DO TOMORROW? You'll need your wits about you if you're best man at a wedding, or left in charge of the office. Nightly Bourn-vita will help you, however hard the task.

THE NIGHT IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE DAY. That's the time when Bourn-vita ensures that sleep shall be SOUND sleep — preparing you for success to-morrow.

9D PER ½ LB.
1/5 PER ½ LB.

DON'T GO TO BED ON AN EMPTY STOMACH



GRAPH showing course of energy consumption during sleep

The body actually needs more energy during the first hour of sleep than in ordinary waking hours, although it quickly relaxes. When your stomach is empty less energy is available, and sound sleep is therefore slow in coming. Experiments have shown that Bourn-vita is a ready source of the quick energy your body needs, while actually soothing digestion and bringing deep refreshing sleep the whole night through.

BOURN-VITA *to-night makes to-morrow just right*

MADE BY CADBURYS

It's NEVER too LATE To LEARN

The old man sometimes stood in front of the shop and looked up at the fading sign

Short Story by WILL SCOTT

FOR a hundred and ninety years the name "Lorrimer and Son" had been painted over the old bookbinders' shop in Battle Street.

Father, son, grandson, great-grandson and so on—eight generations of them, all the way down from the early seventeen-hundreds.

Long before the days of Bonnie Prince Charlie the Lorrimers began to bind their books there.

And now, more than a quarter of a century after Queen Victoria had passed, the name over the old window was still "Lorrimer and Son."

But inside, sixty-five and growing tired of everything was only old Lorrimer now.

He used to wonder sometimes, when he stood in front of the old shop and looked up at the fading sign, why he did not paint out the words "and Son" and make an end of it.

Perhaps because he was sixty-five and knew that somebody would be painting out the "Lorrimer" as well and making an end of everything.

". . . and Son."

Sometimes he thought of "Son." Henry his name, wherever he was. Mostly the old man tried to forget about him.

That was all there was to be done about Henry now. Forget him.

A waster from his cradle. . . . He had been called that, and in the old man's hearing.

"Bookbinder? *Me*? Father, don't make me laugh! You don't think *I'd* stay in this hole, do you?"

More than twenty years ago, that was. It was one of the bits that the old man could not forget.

"Easy money for me, father. I'm not going to sweat all my life in the little back room that you call the works. No thank you!"

But when asked *what* he meant to do, there had been no details.

"Some other trade, you mean?" his father had wanted to know.

At first there had been arguments, but later on arguments became a waste of time. It was no other trade either for Henry.

Nothing that looked like work. A waster from his cradle. Alone at night the old man had to admit to himself that the man who had said that had been speaking the truth.

Henry was a waster.

His record at school was bad. His record after school was worse. He seemed to get money somehow.

Where it came from the old man, though he asked, was never told.

Money, somehow. Though of work there was never a sign.

"Lorrimer and Son. Bookbinders. Established 1740."

And with Henry it was all coming to an end. He was the first of the long line of Lorrimers to despise the old business in Battle Street.

When he was eighteen there was a scandal. Or a scandal it would have been had it got out.

All the neighbours ever knew was the fact that Henry had left home, cleared out and gone, it was said, for good.

At least for the good of Battle Street and the neighbourhood. Everyone was agreed on that.

The old man wasn't so old then. He was on the right side of fifty.

But he was old enough to realise that the old sign over the window was now a lie for everybody to laugh at.

AT first he had not altered it because he feared that laughter. And then he had not altered it because altering it would have made them remember and talk again, and he believed they had forgotten.

Lastly, he did not alter it because soon, he knew, it would have to come down for ever and the shutters go up for the last time.

When Henry cleared out at eighteen everybody thought that that was the end of him.

But it wasn't.

Every now and again Henry would turn up. Sometimes for a week-end. Sometimes only for a day.

Why he came at all nobody ever knew, least of all his father. Probably not even Henry himself knew, unless it was to show the stick-in-the-muds who had known him as a boy how you can get on if only you've got the right ideas.

Not that he ever told anybody what the right ideas were.

He came the first time in a car and the second time in a better car. His cigars were the most expensive cigars, and he didn't mind giving them away to the stick-in-the-muds. He didn't mind paying for the drinks. Always.

IT used to distress the old man. He wished, in a way, that Henry wouldn't come. Although his son and the old business were now the only things he had left in the world.

However, Henry kept on coming, each time in a better car, each time in a better suit. Each time with a louder voice.

Sometimes a year passed between his visits, sometimes more than that, but Henry kept on turning up.

Very much like the bad penny of the proverb.

Until that time when he came, not in a car, but walking. By night. In winter.

There was a customer in the shop when he reached it. He waited until the customer had gone, then he went in.

He didn't have to tell his father that something had gone wrong. The old man had one look at him and knew.

"Well, Henry," he said, "and what do you want?"

"Money," said Henry briefly.

"Why come here?"

"You're my father."

The old man wiped his glasses.

"Since the Lorrimers founded this business in 1740——"

"Yes, I know," Henry interrupted. "I've heard all that a hundred times. The point is I'm up against it. I'm broke. I've got to have money."

"If you'll let me finish. . . ."

Henry waited.

"Since the Lorrimers founded this business in 1740 all the Lorrimers have devoted themselves to it. Not just son after father, but son *with* father. Mother and daughter, too. All of them. Till you.

"It was a prosperous business. There was enough for all of us, and some over. But I have been carrying on alone for some years. The trade has dwindled.

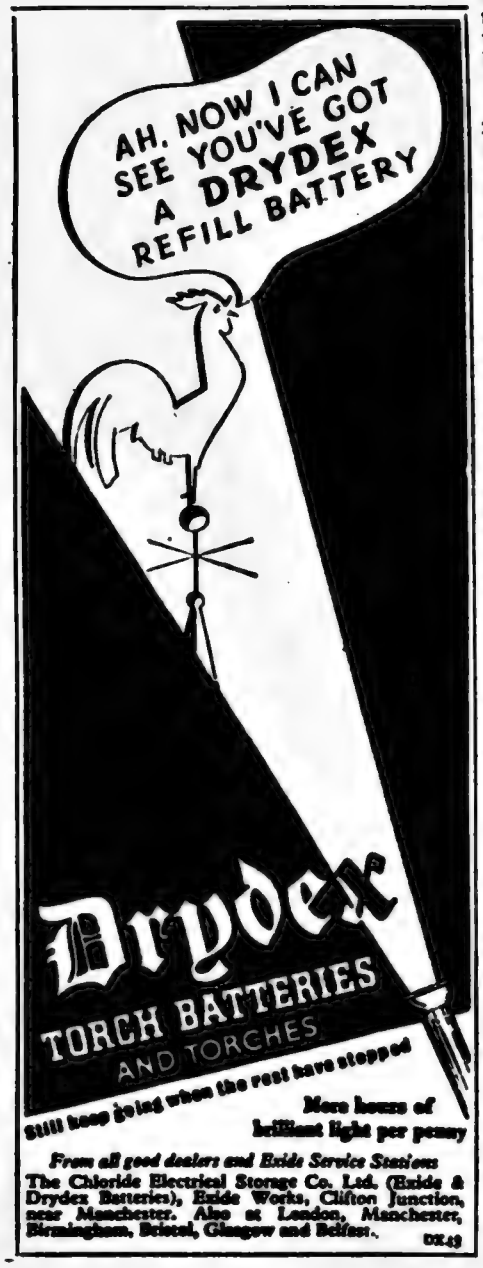
"With help I could have been comfortably off. I'm not."

"I'm worse. I'm broke to the wide," Henry reminded him.

"Why don't you come back?" the old man asked.

"What! Here?"

(*Continued on page 28*)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Drydex
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Still keep going when the rest have stopped
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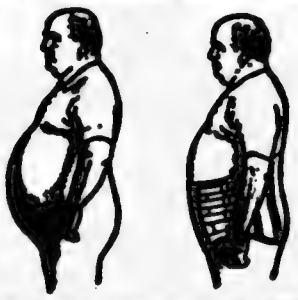

Note improved appearance of stout man after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet the needs of the man who is to wear it.

Note from the illustration how broad the back is, giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles, increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

Men who do heavy work, and who suffer from backache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need the Spencer Sacro-iliac Belt.

Spencer Belts are very serviceable, for they are made of superior materials, and are guaranteed never to lose their shape.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxfordshire, for Booklet, and for name of nearest local Corsetiere.

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ZUBES COMPETITION No. 2

There once was a Cabinet Minister
Who remarked "autumn fogs are most sinister,
When I feel myself wheezing
I find Zubes most pleasing
And delightful, of course, to administer".

Some sailors just home from the sea
All sneezed as they stepped on the quay,
Said one "What we need
Are some Zubes, they succeed
....."

An American crooner once said,
When he felt a draught on his head,
"I'm sure that my C's
Would come with more ease
....."

A postman when going his round,
In the draughtiest street of the town,
Said "the weather's so fickle
My throat will soon tickle
....."

Here's a chance to win £10! Write a last line to *any one* of the three unfinished Limericks above. Send it, together with your name and address and the inside disc from a Zube tin (or the paper bag in which Zubes are sold loose), to Dept. I.G., Zubes Limericks, Sunnydale, Derby. Don't forget to enclose your name and address! Competition closes Oct. 29th. The editor's decision is final. The name of the prize-winner will be published in "Everybody's Weekly" and "The Leader" on November 14. There will be other competitions in this paper—keep on trying. And keep on enjoying the soothing comfort of Zubes this winter. Zubes will keep hoarseness and tickling away.

ZUBES

ARE BEST FOR THROAT AND CHEST

In flat airtight tins 3D and 6D *or loose, 2½d. an ounce*

Prices do not apply in Eire.

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

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In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

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of all chemists ELIXIR (liquid) in bottles 2/- 3/9 & 5/-
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BARGAIN *ever offered to "John Bull" Readers*

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Think of it!—an Embroidered Bedspread FREE with every order for the outstanding bargain double-bed size Feather Down Quilt which you can secure for 3/- down and a few monthly payments to complete the amazing low purchase price of only 18/11. The free bedspread will match the Down Quilt in a choice of colours. Further details are clearly set out in the offer on the Back Cover. Turn to this now, and order at once! When ordering use, for convenience, the special coupon. At any rate be sure to mention "John Bull."

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Your own housework can be done so much more quickly and easily when you have the help of a Dudley-Electric Vacuum Cleaner. It is every co-operator's own brand. The only machine with the full and unqualified backing of the C.W.S.

The
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VACUUM CLEANERS

SUPER MODEL. Rubber-cushioned motor, shock-proof, vibrationless, full set of dusting tools includes auto-adjusting floor nozzle, in limed oak fitted cabinet.

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Address .....

'Mine's a Minor' says Leonora Corbett

De Reszke MINORS

In boxes 15 for 6d. 30 for 1/-
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£4,000 CASH FREE!

£500 MUST BE WON EACH WEEK IN THESE EASY OXYDOL CONTESTS . . . NOW!

THIS WEEK'S FREE PRIZES ARE

FIRST PRIZE £250 — SECOND PRIZE £50 — 100 PRIZES OF £2 EACH

WIN! IT'S SIMPLE! Just finish this sentence:

"I like Oxydol because . . .

£250 TOSSED IN YOUR LAP! That's only one of the prizes Oxydol offers you each week in these easy Contests.

102 PRIZES EVERY WEEK. One winner doesn't grab everything! 102 valuable cash prizes *must* be won every week. Enter for the remaining contests.

HERE'S A SAMPLE SENTENCE: *"I like Oxydol because it gets my white things extra dazzling white and my coloured clothes bright as new — all with absolute safety!"*

Don't use the sample sentence above. The most concise and original entries will win the prizes.

START NOW! This contest (No. 7) closes Wednesday 26th October.

Entry forms may be obtained from the shop where you buy your Oxydol, or you may use a plain sheet of paper.

EASY RULES—

ENTER NOW — ENTER EACH WEEK!

Read these rules of entry most carefully. They must be strictly adhered to:

1. Finish the sentence "I like Oxydol because . . ." Write your sentence on one side of a sheet of paper. Write each entry on a separate sheet. Send your name and address with every entry.
2. Attach the package top from any size Oxydol package to your entry. Post your entry to Dept. J.B.7, Oxydol Contest, 10 Smith Square, London, S.W.1.
3. You can enter each week's contest and send in as many entries each week as you choose—provided each entry is accompanied by an Oxydol package top.
4. There are eight weekly contests, each with a separate list of prizes. Prizes in each weekly contest are: First Prize £250 cash, Second Prize £50 cash, and 100 cash prizes each of £2. Prize-winners will be notified by mail.
5. Opening and closing dates are as follows:

Opening		Closing	
1st Contest	Aug. 16	Sept.	14
2nd Contest	Sept. 15	Sept.	21
3rd Contest	Sept. 22	Sept.	28
4th Contest	Sept. 29	Oct.	5
5th Contest	Oct. 6	Oct.	12
6th Contest	Oct. 13	Oct.	19
7th Contest	Oct. 20	Oct.	26
8th Contest	Oct. 27	Nov.	2

6. Each entry will be individually considered by a board of judges, headed by the Competition Editor of the *Daily Mail*, the Editor of *Woman*, and Mr. W. H. T. Taylour, the well-known competition expert. The Board will award the prizes to the senders of those sentences which it considers describe in the clearest, simplest and most original way the senders' reasons for liking Oxydol. The judges' verdict must be accepted as final and legally binding. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will responsibility be accepted for entries lost, damaged or delayed in post.
7. Anyone may compete except employees of Thomas Hedley & Co., Ltd., their Advertising Agents and their families. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents and ideas contained therein become the property of Thomas Hedley & Co., Ltd. The names of the major prize-winners in this contest will be published in the daily newspapers shortly after the contest closes, and all prize-winners will be notified by mail.

Write your completed sentence on a plain sheet of paper, together with your name and address. Enclose an Oxydol package top for each completed sentence you submit.

Send your entries in a sealed envelope bearing 1½d. stamp to Dept. J.B.7, Oxydol Contest, 10 Smith Square, London, S.W.1. Entries for CONTEST No. 7 must be received not later than Wed. 26th October. **ENTER NOW!**

Use plain paper or an entry form which may be obtained from your grocer. Don't forget to add your name and address.

It's Never too Late to Learn

(Continued from p. 26)

"You're thirty-four now. You must be past—a lot of things."

"You mean *work*?"

"I could teach you the business in two years. All of it. Just two years. It isn't long. We could pull everything together between us. It . . . still says 'Lorrimer and Son' over the window."

Henry laughed.

"You don't know me, father. I don't think you ever did. I wonder if you ever will."

He stayed twenty-four hours, till the next night. And sometime in the night he went. He went without saying good-bye.

At the end of that week when the old man went over his takings three pounds were missing.

He thought a lot. He never said anything.

There was nobody left to say it to. But for weeks he wondered.

Sometimes Henry had written. He never wrote now. A letter to London came back marked "Not known at this address."

Henry, although the old man didn't know it, was far from London now. He was in New York, where easy money is easiest.

He was no longer Lorrimer. He wasn't even Henry.

And in New York, one night, the same old Henry, despite another name, still looking for easy money, opened the safe of a man who was careless enough to let him. . . .

* * *

SIXTY-FIVE and growing tired of everything.

Knowing that somebody soon would be painting out the "Lorrimer" and putting up the shutters for the last time.

"Old-established Business for Disposal." "Premises to Let."

That wasn't so far away.

The old man stood sometimes in front of the old shop and looked up at the fading sign and sighed. Nearly two hundred years.

And now this. . . .

Somebody was coming down the street. A quiet man, walking slowly. The old man stood aside to let the stranger pass.

But the stranger did not pass.

The old man looked up, pulled his glasses down from his forehead and peered at the other.

A thin-faced man. A tired-looking man. Weary.

"Henry!" said the old man.

"Shall we go in?" said Henry.

They went into the old shop and sat down and looked at each other, neither speaking for some moments.

"It must be seven years," said the old man at last.

"It's all of that," said Henry. "I'm forty-two next birthday. I wondered if you'd still be here."

"H'm," said the old man. "You never wrote."

"I'm sorry, father."

The old man stared. It was the first time he had ever known Henry apologise.

"Where have you been, boy?"

"America."

"America, eh? And how are you doing?"

"I'm not."

"I see. . . . I'll put the kettle on and make you a cup of tea."

"Just a minute, father."

The old man had got as far as the door. He came back.

"Yes?"

"You once—the last time—asked me if I'd come back into the business with you."

"Well?"

"Well?"

"You mean you would?"

"I mean that, father. The old sign's still over the window, I see. 'Lorrimer and Son.'"

The old man sat down, staring at nothing. At any rate, at nothing that was in the room.

"I know you don't owe me anything, father," Henry went on. "I never did much with my life, except throw it away. Perhaps you don't want me. Perhaps you hate me.

"You've had cause enough. But I'm changed now. I've had my lesson. You've only to look at me to realise that, I think."

"You mean—you *want* to come back?"

"Just that."

The old man stroked the top of his head.

"Things always come too late . . ."

"What do you mean, father?"

"I can't teach you anything now. I'm past it."

"That's all right, father. I know the ropes."

"You mean you've got a trade?"

"Bookbinding. Everything about it. Your trade. Ours. I learnt it over in the States while I was away."

The old man smiled. And nobody had seen him smile for many years.

"Well!" he exclaimed. And then, suddenly: "I'll get that cup of tea."

* * *

HE went away, thinking "Lorrimer and Son." A minute later he put his head in at the door.

"How long did it take you, Henry?"

"Five years," said Henry.

The old man smiled again.

"Thought they were go-ahead," he said. "I'd have taught you in two years. Just two years and not a day more."

Henry said nothing. He hadn't the heart to tell the old man that nobody could have turned him into the bookbinder he was to-day, ready to take his place as "Son" in the old business, in less than five years.

For he was five years to the day in the place where he learned his bookbinding.

Five years . . .

His sentence.

Try This Teaser

P		M	P

With one more letter, fitted into the vacant space above, you can complete an apt Answer to the Clue, "VILLAGE FIRE-BRIGADE USUALLY PARADES WITH THIS."

As soon as you have settled which of the two possible words is the more fitting, turn to page 36 and tackle the rest of the interesting Clues for this week's JOHN BULL *Crossword. Post your completed entry by Wednesday, October 26, and a few days later a gay Greetings telegram may well name you winner of 30s. Weekly for Life.*

Not from the B.B.C.

Prosperity Pants

". . . would make Oxford bags look like pantomime tights"

Let others sing of Devon,
Its cider and its cream,
Or cry "Yo! ho!" for Felixstowe,
But such is not my theme.

For Somerset, its cheeses,
And maids with rosy cheeks,
Some singers yearn, but my concern
Is Bradford and its breeks!

THIS, too, is the concern of Alderman Henry Hudson, Lord Mayor of Bradford, who, with an eye on the prosperity of the wool and clothing industry, urges us to buy bigger breeks.

"If only we could persuade men to add a little to their trousers," he fervently proclaims, "trade would certainly benefit. What help that inch or two would be! Now, if 20,000,000 men added three inches of cloth to their trousers it would mean . . ."

It would mean that Bradford breeks would make Oxford bags look like the tights of a pantomime "boy," and would make their wearers feel like the hind legs of a pantomime elephant.

However ready we may be to give Bradford a (trouser) leg-up, there are limits to what the average male is prepared to do in the way of making a guy of himself.

But this, as every mad hatter knows, does not apply to the female. So I do not doubt that the women, once again, are willing to be wonderful.

For years now they have been trouser-minded. Indeed, having regard to the number who stroll about looking, from the waist downward, like sons of the sea, all Bradford born, it is to them that Alderman Hudson should expound his new leg theory.

What the ordinary he-citizen demands is not wider trousers and bigger turn-ups, but deeper trouser pockets, fitted with chain and padlock.

For he has already drifted far toward Carey Street in trying to obey exhortations to drink more milk, eat more fruit, fish and bread, and become soap-minded and tooth-paste-conscious.

As one who has done his bit in all these directions, I feel that the time has come for a spot of reciprocity. If I'm expected to wear more bags, editors will have to buy more gags.

May I suggest that Alderman Hudson should start a "Read More Rhymes" campaign, as some slight acknowledgment of a policy I have for long pursued with Yorkshire's interests at heart?

While blisters, keen on keeping fit,
Dash here and there, I sit and sit,
Quite deaf to all upbraiding,
Well knowing, while I lounge about,
My trousers I am wearing out
And Yorkshire nobly aiding!

And ev'ry time a profiteer,
A crank or killjoy passes near,
I rise and do my duty:
For lo! a patriot, when he plants
A good hard kick in someone's pants,
Helps Bradford, home and beauty!

Y. Z.

Its pleasant flavour and economy in use make Gibbs the firm favourite

–results prove it best!

Gibbs

SOLID DENTIFRICE

Now reduced to 6d

U.K. only

How precious are teeth to health and looks . . . yet how little it costs to give them the very best care! Gibbs, the world's favourite Dentifrice is down to 6d! Same size, same quality. Gibbs, with its fragrant antiseptic foam, defends your teeth from decay by killing germs and neutralising acids, and by sweeping away impurities. Gibbs polishes enamel to dazzling lustre; Gibbs cannot scratch. Now that Gibbs is down to 6d., the whole family can have this famous dentifrice. BUY YOUR GIBBS TO-DAY.

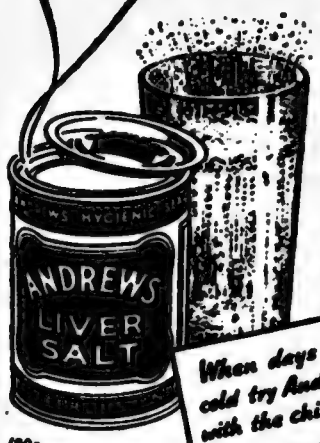
D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1.

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES —defend them with GIBBS DENTIFRICE

GD1638

THE DAILY 'HELP'

Excuse me— ANDREWS for Inner Cleanliness



When days are cold try Andrews with the chill off

Inner Cleanliness! There, indeed, you have the secret of health! For Inner Cleanliness means the complete and natural purification of the system. You—and every member of your family—can achieve this happy state by taking Andrews regularly.

Immediately you drink your bubbling tonic glass of Andrews it cleans the tongue and refreshes the mouth. Next, it settles the stomach and corrects acidity. Then Andrews wakes up the liver and checks any tendency to biliousness. And finally—to make your Inner Cleanliness complete—it clears the bowels gently and efficiently.

Andrews is the gradual and natural corrective of constipation. Get a tin to-day. 4 ozs. 9d., 8 ozs. 1/4.

ANDREWS LIVER SALT

(30a

Painful PILES Banished

Thousands Praise Famous Ointment.

WHY should you suffer from the burning irritation, swelling and bleeding of piles (hæmorrhoids) when there's Zam-Buk? This world-famed herbal ointment has proved successful in thousands of cases, often when an operation seemed the only means of escape.

Zam-Buk brand ointment brings relief and is wonderfully soothing; it has a contractive influence on the dilated veins, checks the bleeding and causes the piles to gradually disappear.

Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing septic conditions where membranes are broken or inflamed. Don't suffer from piles a day longer—get a box of Zam-Buk.

For Inward PILES

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles you can obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, 2/3 per box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.

Exact size of Suppository

SOLID ZAM-BUK

HAIR WHY LOSE YOUR HAIR?

Grow It Like This

BEWARE OF BALDNESS. **It begins when** your hair falls and *goes on falling*, combing or brushing out *faster* than it grows. But don't think your hair is DYING. HAIR NEVER DIES. When there is loss of hair, patchy or complete baldness, **the roots are weak and inactive.** They fall asleep. **Wake them up with Kotalko.** Miss Mathieson, Mr. Hayes and thousands more whose heads had advanced to the baldness stage have proved that their **hair-roots** were only dormant **awaiting the right stimulation.**

"My hair was very thin and full of dandruff," writes Miss D. Mathieson. "After I had used Kotalko for a few weeks there was a noticeable improvement. My hair is now thick and wavy."

100,000 TRIAL PACKAGES

By return of post you can begin waking up and strengthening sleepy and weak hair-roots. POST COUPON BELOW for Trial Package of Kotalko and Kotalko Scalp and Hair Soap. Follow "Directions," then you will quickly see NEW HAIR GROWING.

Give Your Hair "New Life"

NEW THICK, LUSTROUS HAIR can be yours.

NO MAN is handsome—NO WOMAN is attractive—who loses hair. In men a good head of hair is a sign of virile health. In women, luxuriant, lustrous hair is irresistibly attractive. BEWARE of hair tonics or dressings that "clog" the hair-mouths of the scalp. BEWARE of soaps or shampoo powders which after use leave a soapy film on the hair. **Kotalko and Kotalko Soap free the scalp** from all hair pore-cloggings, **soften** hardening scalp *deep down* to the hair-roots and **revive** vigorous hair life and growth.

MAKE UP YOUR MIND to save and improve your hair's growth and beauty with

"I WAS BALD" Now a Full Growth.

"I used Kotalko . . . at last the whole of my head was covered with a full growth of hair as it used to be." T. HAYES.

KOTALKO FOR HAIR GROWTH

and Kotalko Soap

FILL IN THE COUPON BELOW AND POST NOW

DOUBLE TEST

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., (53.KM), 9, Percy Street, London, W.1.

I want a testing sample of Kotalko and a sample tablet of Kotalko Soap, for which I enclose 2d. in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/-, plus 3d.** postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 2d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 134-135, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3d

FINGER of FATE

MISS BATES looked into the room where I was resting with the other mannequins of our big West End dress salon.

"Gladys," she said, "you are to wear the Kingston diamonds with the Duchesse creation at the parade to-morrow. Slip down to the jewellery department and try them on."

I was thrilled, as any girl would be at the thought of wearing a bracelet and ring that had cost thousands, and I simply flew downstairs.

Mr. Temple, the general manager, was waiting for me, and had already taken the jewels out of the safe. "Oh, aren't they lovely," I cried, but Mr. Temple cut me short briskly.

"Yes, yes, Miss Godfrey," he said, "and you have got to treat them very carefully. If anything should happen to them it would be disastrous. They cannot be replaced.

"You will wear them only with the Duchesse gown. I will be there to hand them to you just before you parade, and I'll be waiting behind the curtains to take them from you when you come off. Now try them on."

The bracelet fitted perfectly, but the ring was a little too tight and was difficult to get off. But that didn't matter very much.

Next afternoon the showroom of the salon was crowded. It was our most important display of the season, and it was being done in style.

At last my big moment came. In a glittering diamante robe, designed to match the Kingston diamonds, I stepped through the curtains and began to parade.

Reader's Story by Mrs. Gladys Mitchell,

"Tara," Bangor Road, Caernarvon.

Send us your story of real-life adventure, not exceeding 1,200 words. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. A stamped addressed envelope should be sent with each contribution.

Suddenly there was a crash at the farther end of the salon. A woman screamed.

It was nothing much, only a tea-tray upset, but it distracted attention from me. Realising this, I made for the exit curtains. As I passed through them three men closed round me.

"Jewellery department," said one. "Hand over the bracelet and ring, please."

"But . . . but Mr. Temple said I was to give them to him personally," I stammered, suspicion struggling in my mind.

"Nonsense! Come on, hand them over. We've got no time to waste."

The man's voice was harsh, his face grim. They were bandits!

"No, no, I won't give you the jewels," I cried, and turned to run.

But hands seized my elbows, and I was bustled along the corridor to an empty room. The door was locked.

The leader, whom the others called Alec, snatched the bracelet from my wrist. "Make a noise and we'll strangle you," he whispered. "Now the ring."

He began to tug at it, but it wouldn't budge. I was sobbing with pain, and my finger began to swell, making removal of the ring impossible.

Then the door-handle rattled, and someone flung his weight against the panels. "Open that door at once!" roared Mr. Temple.

ALEC looked round. "All right, boys," he ordered, "we'll take her with us."

Before I could scream, a filthy handkerchief was pushed into my mouth, and I was bundled out on to the fire escape. A van was waiting below.

When we reached the ground, I was flung in the back of the van, with two of the gang, Jim and Sam, a red-haired brute, to guard me. Alec sat in front with the driver.

Before long, Sam took the gag out of my mouth. He tried to kiss me.

I struggled fiercely and hit him in the face with all my strength.

Alec looked round.

"Let her alone, Sam, you crazy fool!" he cried, "or I'll give you something to remember."

"You will, eh?" jeered Sam. He raised his fist to strike me, and I screamed.

At that moment the van stopped, and the door at the back was thrown open.

Alec stood glaring angrily at the two men.

"I told you not to take the gag out," he said with an oath. Then he turned to me: "Another sound from you and you'll regret it! Come on out."

I was pushed through the door of an old warehouse to a small workroom at the far end.

I was pushed through a door into a small workroom at the far end

"NOW, look here, sister," said Alec threateningly. "You'll get that ring off or we will cut off your finger. Which is it to be?"

"How can I get it off with my finger swollen up?" I cried. "Besides, you would not dare——"

"Sam, get a chisel or a chopper," ordered Alec. "I'll show you if I dare." Then he gagged me again and threw me on the floor.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Sam returning with a rusty chopper. My hand was seized and the fingers spreadeagled. Sam raised the chopper. . . . My senses reeled. One . . . two . . . three—it seemed eternity.

But the blow never fell.

"Come away from that girl," rapped out a deep voice.

A moment later four plain-clothes policemen were fastening handcuffs on my captors.

The scream I had uttered in the van when Sam was about to strike me had been heard by a workman on a roof opposite. He had telephoned Scotland Yard.

"Greatest of These"

ARTHUR'S parents are having a hard struggle.

His father, an ex-Serviceman, is subject to attacks of malaria, and has been unemployed for some time.

There are four other children under the age of nine. One of them, aged two, has had pneumonia five times, and is always ailing.

Arthur's mother has had six operations, and finds it very difficult to carry on with her work and look after the children.

Her greatest worry is a debt of nearly £8 to the doctor.

If you want to help this family, send your donation, earmarked "Arthur," to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Not one penny of the money received is spent on working expenses of the Fund, all of which are borne by JOHN BULL.

Farewell to shiny nose

Be known as the girl who always looks lovely and fresh—who *never* has a shiny nose! Snowfire Powder-Cream gives your skin a fascinating and *lasting* 'matt' finish—never lets you look hot and shiny, indoors or outdoors. Snowfire Powder-Cream can't clog pores and there are five flattering shades — Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle or Ivory.

Never have a shiny nose—use

Snowfire POWDER-CREAM

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

A strong dose of medicine can torture a child, like turning a screw in the tender, sensitive little bowels. How different the easy action of 'California Syrup of Figs,' a liquid fruit laxative which carries away all the hard, clogged up waste matter from the bowels without worrying the child in the least. After the half-digested food and poisonous waste-matter have passed from the bowels, the child is like a different being—happy and full of "go."

Many mothers give 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week. Kiddies love it and it keeps them regular, happy and well. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. 1/3 and 2/6, of all chemists.

A Marvel at Moving INDIGESTION

It is such a pity to have to cut some of the nicest dishes out of your diet because your stomach is playing you up. Far better put your stomach right, as you so easily can, and eat everything you enjoy. Thousands to-day are rejoicing in complete freedom from all kinds of stomach trouble through taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

Two instances of this are given in a letter from Mr. G. H. Adams, Hilston Avenue, Wolverhampton. He says: "My neighbour has been suffering from Indigestion this past week. He purchased a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and tells me it is a marvel how it moves indigestion." Of his own case, Mr. Adams says: "The first dose acted like a miracle. It has removed all pain since I have taken it regularly, and I feel it my duty to let everyone know of the great relief I have obtained."

Gastritis, Dyspepsia, Palpitation, Flatulence, Stomach Pain, Excess Acidity, all give way under the gentle but certain action of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Only genuine if it has the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on bottle and carton. Sold only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles Powder or Tablets, and handy 9d. tins of Tablets.

NATURE says 'CHEW'

for firm gums and healthy teeth

TWO DELICIOUS & REFRESHING FLAVOURS

Most modern food is so soft that it doesn't need real chewing at all. That's why P.K. or Spearmint is so vitally important. It makes you *chew* properly, which strengthens your gums and helps keep your teeth clean and healthy. Wrigley's also soothes the nerves. Freshens the palate. Sweetens the breath. Get a packet to-day.

CHEW REGULARLY

WRIGLEY'S

B.S.M.

WON BY A WIFE!

TOM . . . *was insistent*

. . . but only after she learns a faster, better way to wash clothes

PEGGY . . . *was stubborn*

MONDAY
BUT I'M TOO DEAD BEAT TO GO OUT TO-NIGHT. CAN'T YOU EVER REMEMBER MONDAY'S WASHDAY?
BUT JENKINS SPECIALLY INVITED US! AND YOU KNOW HE'S ONE OF THE FIRM'S MOST IMPORTANT CLIENTS. I HATE TO SAY "NO."

LATER THAT EVENING
I REFUSED TO GO! I MADE TOM SAY I WAS ILL. HE'S FURIOUS.. HE NEVER THINKS HOW WORN OUT I GET SCRUBBING CLOTHES.
BUT, MY DEAR- THERE'S A WONDERFUL NEW METHOD THAT SAVES ALL THAT HARD WORK! I'LL SHOW YOU NEXT MONDAY.

NEXT MONDAY
WE'LL NEVER GET THIS LOT CLEAN WITHOUT PLENTY OF HARD RUBBING! JUST LOOK AT IT!
OF COURSE WE SHALL! RINSO WILL GET THEM ALL BRILLIANT WITH JUST 2 MINUTES' BOILING FOR THE WHITES, 12 MINUTES' SOAKING FOR THE COLOUREDS. YOU'LL SEE!

A LITTLE LATER
IT'S THE QUICKEST, EASIEST WASH I'VE EVER DONE! I FEEL AS FRESH AS A DAISY! AND DON'T THE CLOTHES LOOK LOVELY?
YES - AND YOU'VE SAVED 30 MINUTES' FUEL, TOO!

THREE MONDAYS LATER
THEY'RE REAL GOOD SPORTS, THAT COUPLE! I INTEND TO PUT SOME BUSINESS HIS WAY.
YOU MADE A REAL HIT WITH JENKINS, DARLING! HE'S PLACING THAT BIG CONTRACT THROUGH ME!
THANKS TO RINSO!

CLOTHES WASHED BRILLIANT IN HALF USUAL TIME!

IF you want to get your wash finished in double-quick time, if you like your whites to be snowy and your coloureds fresh and beautiful—then change to this wonderful new, easy washing method!

Give whites the Rinso 2-minute boil. Just damp any extra-dirty places and smooth in a little Rinso. Put the clothes into the copper full of lukewarm Rinso suds. Bring to the boil, as usual. Then boil for only 2 minutes! They'll be snowy!

Coloureds get the Rinso 12-minute soak. It makes them brilliant!

Try the Rinso 2-minute boil and 12-minute soak. And give fine things a quick wash-through in cool Rinso suds. Rinso completely transforms washday! . . . yet it costs only 3½d., 6d. or 10d. a packet.

R 2657-71-55 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*

ONLY 2 MINUTES' BOILING OR 12 MINUTES' SOAKING WITH **RINSO**

BANISH THAT

RHEUMATISM!

HERE'S RELIEF FOR 2D

There is no need to endure those terrible crippling twinges of RHEUMATIC PAIN... STOP them for 2d. If you have LUMBAGO, NEURITIS, SCIATICA, ACHING JOINTS, take a BEECHAMS POWDER and see how quickly marvellous ease comes to you! BEECHAMS POWDERS cost only 2d. each but they are QUICKER-ACTING because of their special powder form. They also stop NERVE PAINS, NEURALGIA and HEADACHES and are wonderful for CHILLS and COLDS. Get YOUR supply immediately!

BEECHAMS POWDERS

ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

She tried whistling cheerfully
buying a table tennis set
but it was no good
until she learned that
GOOD TEMPER STARTS IN THE STOMACH
Just you try
PAN YAN!

You can usually get rid of bad temper by seeing that the digestion works properly. Pan Yan makes every meal easier to digest, because it's made from delicious spices carefully blended to stimulate the digestive organs. Pan Yan means not only tastier meals, but happier families as well. 10½d. and 3½d. per jar.

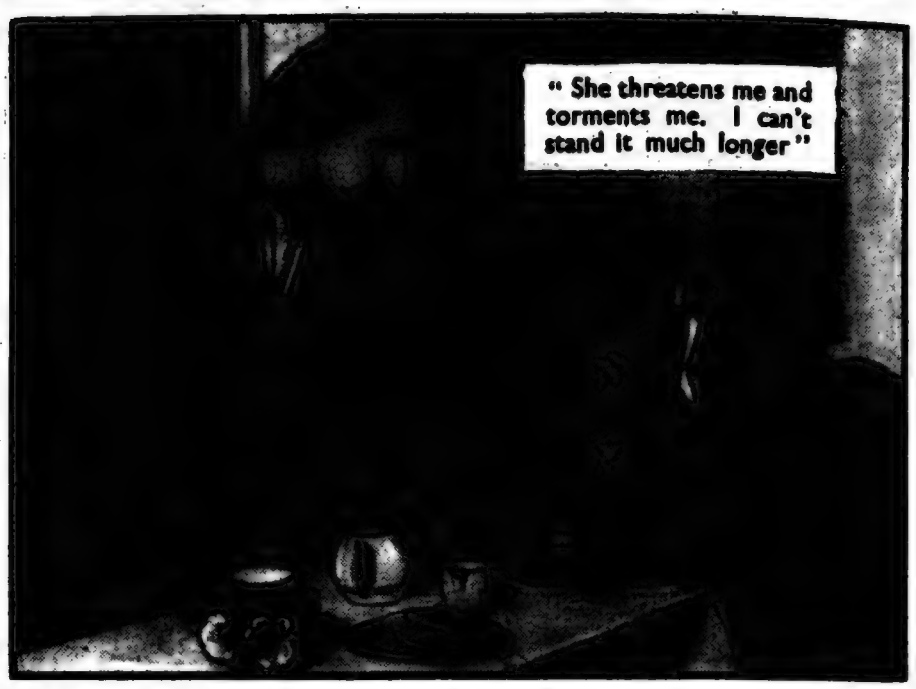
4349

WHEN YOUR HEAD IS DULL AND HEAVY

When your tongue is furred, your bowels costive, and you rise in the morning tired, with no relish for breakfast and dreading your work; when you are bilious, and unable to look at food; when you feel fit-for-nothing, and have no energy, no interest or ambition—*your stomach and liver are out of order.*

It may be the weather or overwork, errors in diet, or some natural weakness; but, whatever the cause, your stomach and liver need immediate help. Indigestion is poisoning your system and sapping your vitality. Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup will surely help you. It will renew your appetite, stimulate your liver to healthy activity, regulate your bowels, make food nourish you, and give you new strength, new energy, new life. Test it to-day. Price 1/3 and 3/-.

Humanist's Page



Other People's SECRETS

THREE letters are on my table. In them three people have revealed their innermost secrets.

The first to reach me comes from a young man, who says: "I am in the toils of a blackmailer, and as I fear for my sanity, I appeal to you for help and guidance."

Briefly, his story is this:—

Some time ago he appropriated a sum of money belonging to his employer. He has been paying it off in regular instalments ever since. His motive was to enable his mother to go to a sanatorium.

But a girl working for the firm discovered what he had done, and this gave her a weapon. The young man continues:

"She suggested that I should take her for walks and to entertainments, and, although I can't afford it, I have been doing it to keep her quiet. She threatens to expose me.

"Now she wants me to marry her. I have told her I can never love her, but she threatens me and torments me. It would mean getting the sack and possibly imprisonment.

"I am ill, can't sleep, and keep making mistakes in my work. I've tried to get another job somewhere else, but have failed.

"All I want to do is to keep my present job and go on helping mother, who is now well and happy."

USUALLY when a reader writes to me for advice about blackmail I tell him to inform the police and do exactly what they suggest.

The law has no mercy on blackmailers nowadays. But this is hardly a case for the police, since money is not the object.

The young man has my sympathy. He is faced with two terrible alternatives—a forced marriage which will mean a lifetime of misery, or the ruining of his career.

Desperate emergencies call for desperate remedies. The blackmailer must be robbed of her weapon.

The man must confess his crime to his employer, tell the full story, and plead for forgiveness.

Any humane employer would realise the motive for the crime. He would also realise that the man is repaying every penny that he appropriated.

I think it extremely likely that he would be willing to "forget about it."

If the young man has not the courage to "face up," let him cut out this page and post it to his employer with a signed covering letter.

*

The second letter is from a woman, and tells of a very different sort of problem. She writes:

"Nearly four years ago I was in great trouble because I was about to have a baby by a man whose wife was my best friend.

"He assaulted me, but I did not prosecute because it would have been difficult to prove.

"At that time I was going about with a young man of whom I thought the world, but I did a thing which is the cause of all my worry—I named him as the father of my child.

"He knew he wasn't responsible—I knew that he knew it—but he decided to help me out. He offered to get a house, furnish it, and make me comfortable, but would not marry me—which was only what I deserved.

"Anyhow, I took the chance, everybody thinking we had been married.

"I even changed my name at work without being found out. The Labour Exchange wanted the marriage lines, but we got over that.

"The baby is now turned three, but my man seems to think I should not go out, as he says he could never trust me.

"Things are getting to such a pitch that I have thought it would be better to leave him and go to work for myself and my child."

*

What this woman is really troubled about is the name on her insurance card. She passed herself off as a married woman and the truth is bound to come out. Is she likely to get into any serious trouble?

The story is far from complete. There are so many loose ends.

Why can't her man trust her? Is she inclined to flirt? Is she likely to be caught again?

One needs to know these things before passing an opinion.

"I might say he has been wonderful in every way to me, and the baby he worships. . . ."

Why can't they marry now? If the man married a widow with one child he would have no misgivings. The case is rather like that, isn't it?

That would be the ideal way out, but only if there can be mutual confidence. The woman blames no one but herself. She deserves to be forgiven.

NOW for the third letter. True, compared with the problems I have just discussed, it may seem trifling—but trifles can easily wreck a life. A young man writes:

"I am twenty-five, and work in my Dad's business. I like the trade, but not working for my Dad. I am continually being domineered.

"The business depends upon Dad's personality, and working under him deprives me of any chance of self-expression.

"I am of a very independent nature and should be much happier working on my own, but Dad needs me and isn't at all well.

"Am I to give the best years of my life to work which is uncongenial? I feel in a real stranglehold."

*

I don't advise this young man to run away from his problem.

Two ideas occur to me.

The first is that he should have a frank talk with his father and ask to be allowed to run the business for, say, one day a week, or one week in each month.

A man must have experience in taking the lead, occasionally, to prepare himself for the day when he is in control.

My second idea is that he should get some practice in taking the initiative outside business hours.

Is he any good at sports? Can he handle older boys and young men? Is he capable of organising a club? Has he sufficient confidence to make a speech at a debating society?

This young man should set out to prove to the world that he is as good a man as his father.

"Humanist" invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

Race with 'Silver Ring'

Filling the Bill

NATIONAL HUNT COMMITTEE have followed the example set by the Jockey Club Stewards and appointed three paid Secretaries to assist Stewards of meetings under N.H. rules.

It is to be presumed that the Jockey Club are satisfied with the way in which the gentlemen appointed as paid secretaries in March, 1936, have carried out their duties. Personally, I cannot see that the conduct of the sport is any better than it was prior to their advent.

All things considered, there isn't much wrong with the conduct of racing. I am not fool enough to maintain that everything and everyone connected with it is above reproach, but I am sure that the standard insisted upon by the honorary Stewards is higher than in any other country.

Noted racing men from other lands have expressed the opinion that we are behind the times in not having stipendiary Stewards. But when they have had some first-hand experience of our sport they miserably grant that it is the best and fairest they have seen.

Our aristocratic—and sometimes perhaps autocratic—Stewards may not be "up to" everything that goes on, but they have a very thorough knowledge of the sport.

They may make mistakes occasionally, but, if so, they err in good faith. You can't pull strings—they are quite incorruptible.

I would be more satisfied to have my Lord Derby officiating as Steward rather than one of the lean and hungry, lynx-eyed "stipes" who are paid to keep the sport clean—or stir up mud?—in the more "modern" countries.

For anything that looks likely to contribute towards the winter's keep—watch the Code daily.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, October 20 to Wednesday, October 26.

K X U Z R 98 96 G E D V B N H J T
S O Y 97 L W F 94 M P Q C I 93 95 A

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: BXYQMLA would read COUVERT. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted: MP94M93NR2 would read EDGEHILL.

WHY ARE SOME CHILDREN ALWAYS ILL— OTHERS NEVER ILL?

Most children get a cod liver oil tonic in winter to protect them against illness. Then why do some thrive better than others?

MOST MOTHERS give their children a cod liver oil tonic during the winter. It is specially recommended by the Ministry of Health because it protects children against colds and infections.

But many mothers are disturbed and upset to find their children don't get as much benefit from this home care as other children.

The explanation is that some children can't take ordinary cod liver oil—their digestions are not strong enough. They must be given their oil *in its most quickly digestible form*—Scotts Brand Emulsion.

"*When cod liver oil is given in the white, creamy form of Scotts Brand Emulsion,*" writes an eminent Medical Research Body, "*children can wholly digest the oil, and get all the body-building goodness they need.*"

SOUND REASONS WHY YOUR CHILD'S COD LIVER OIL TONIC MUST BE SCOTTS BRAND EMULSION

1. Ordinary cod liver oil is difficult for some children to take.
2. Scotts Brand Emulsion is the most quickly digestible form of cod liver oil. Immediately after taking, every drop goes to strengthen the child's whole body, particularly the chest and lungs.
3. Scotts Brand Emulsion actually makes the digestive juices work more strongly, so that the body gets more nourishment out of food.
4. Scotts Brand Emulsion also contains hypophosphites of lime and soda, to help still further in building up your child's bone and teeth.

Give your child a spoonful of Scotts Brand Emulsion *three times every day*. Trial size, 1/3, larger sizes 3/- and 5/-.

"What more could I do for my little girl?"

"*My little girl was always delicate,*" writes a Hillingdon mother. "*She wasn't gaining weight and had coughs or snuffles all the winter. I fed her well, clothed her warmly, and I gave her a winter tonic. But it was no use. Then a neighbour advised me to try Scotts Brand Emulsion. What a difference it made! All last winter my little girl didn't have a single cold, she put on five pounds in three months (she's just twelve). I put it all down to Scotts Brand Emulsion.*"

GOOD OLD EPSOM SALTS

Now 'wrapped' in sugar

"Nothing like the good old Epsom Salts if you want a thorough laxative". That's what any doctor will tell you. And EPSOTABS *are* Epsom Salts—in handy accurately-measured tablets coated with sugar. You simply swallow one or two with a glass of water at bedtime. Then all the poisons lurking in your system are cleared away *naturally* and without forming habits, without griping. EPSOTABS THE LAXATIVE—2d.—6d. and 1/3 or free sample from EPSOTABS LTD., (J.B.2), 59, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.—(Advert.)

Pains in Back Gone in 3 Hours

If you suffer terrible sharp pains or dull wearing down aches in back or sides, you can't get rid of these with ordinary medicines because you must kill the germs in your kidneys. Other symptoms of Kidney and Bladder Disorders are Scanty, Frequent and Painful Passages, Getting up Nights, Leg Pains, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes and Rheumatism, poor Appetite and Energy, Swollen Ankles etc.—Cystex ends these troubles by removing the cause—and starts benefits in 24 hours and completely stops troubles in 8 days. Get Cystex from Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors or any Chemist, 1/3, 3/- and 6/- on Guarantee to put you right or money back. Act now! The Guarantee protects you.

Cystex — For Kidneys, Rheumatism, Bladder

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Elasto
Tablets
ELASTO RESTORES THE NATURAL POWER OF HEALING TO THE BLOOD.
The NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. LTD
CECIL HOUSE HOLBORN VIADUCT
LONDON, E.C.1

The Wonder Tablet

Take it!

-And Stop Limping

DON'T let leg troubles cripple you. Take Elasto, the Great New Biochemical Remedy *that cures through the blood*, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense. Leg aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is Asking—What is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language the Elasto method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food, which MUST be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of Elasto Say:

"*I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured.*"
"*Cured my rheumatism and neuritis.*"
"*Thrombosis gone; legs better and less swelling.*"
"*Completely cured my varicose ulcers.*"
"*After being indoors for 18 months I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs.*"
"*Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better.*"
"*My piles are gone, my legs are better and I feel better in my general health.*"
"*Elasto has quite cured my eczema.*"
"*I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (Arterio-Sclerosis) are quite gone, and my general health is much improved.*"
"*Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging.*"
"*Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day.*" *Etc.*

Here's Good News! You Can Test Elasto Free!

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biochemical Remedy. These, together with copies of testimonials, *showing what Elasto has done for others*, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE ELASTO MAKES! *This offer is too good to be missed.*★
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Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

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Elasto will save you pounds!

Use Snowfire Tablet

to soothe & soften rough red hands overnight

3D. FAMILY SIZES 6D. & 7½D.

Soft Snowfire in Tins 3d.

CATARRH

Amazing Money-Back Guarantee

Clear your head, open stuffed-up nasal passages, end Catarrh or get money back. NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy acts in 30 seconds. Banishes mucus. Stops discharge. Ends Wheezing, Hawking, Sniffing. Highest Medical Recommendation. Perfectly Safe. For Catarrh, Colds, Head Noises, Catarrhal Deafness, insist on "NOSTROLINE." 1/3 all Chemists.

NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy

Free Sample from "NOSTROLINE" J.81, Bristol, 8.

TAKE PURITAN SALTS FOR RHEUMATISM.

KIDNEY AILMENTS

Mrs. Allanson, Leeds, writes:- "I suffered terribly from Kidney Trouble caused through my confinement, and had five fits. I lost over 3 stones and could not walk. My gums and tongue were pure white, and I suffered dreadful nights. I was told my kidneys were permanently damaged and nothing more could be done for me. I started taking Vitadatio and it has worked wonders. I cannot thank you enough for the wonderful benefit I have derived from it. My kidneys have now been tested again and found to be perfect."

If you suffer from Kidney, Liver or Stomach Trouble, Vitadatio can help you! Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 2- and 5- per bottle or direct per post (6d. extra in U.K.).

From VITADATIO, ARMLEY, LEEDS. **Write for FREE BOOK** KA 121

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Pools Parliament conducted by our Famous Expert

How Many Lines?

asks "Poolex"

● This is your page — say what you like, ask what you want to know about your winter hobby. If a problem to be solved or an opinion to express concerning football pools, write to JOHN BULL, Pools Parliament, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THERE is one question which seems to puzzle *all* pool enthusiasts.

They want to know how many lines would be required to make sure of a winning line.

There is never a week, for instance, when my postbag doesn't contain enquiries as to the number of lines needed to cover a certain number of matches either for two results or three.

So I'm going to answer all their queries at once. And I hope readers will cut out my omnibus answer and keep it for easy reference.

The explanation is simple.

Column A gives the number of lines needed to cover all possible arrangements of two-way forecasts (that is, 1—x, 1—2 or 2—x)

Column B shows the number of lines needed for all the possible combinations of 1, 2 and x.

No. of Matches.	No. of lines. A (two-ways).	B (1-2-x).
1	2	3
2	4	9
3	8	27
4	16	81
5	32	243
6	64	729
7	128	2,187
8	256	6,561
9	512	19,683
10	1,024	59,049
11	2,048	177,147
12	4,096	531,441
13	8,192	1,594,323
14	16,384	4,782,969

Free Trial

May I offer a suggestion both entertaining and instructive to pool enthusiasts?

Imagine the possession of ample funds, and in pencil on your copy coupon work out the entry you would like to make, if you can afford it.

Then, knowing how much you are really going to invest, ink in the lines that appeal to you most, up to the limit of your usual stake, and only put these inked lines on the coupon you send in. Checking results afterwards is very instructive.—A. W. D., Nottingham.

As long as you are not tempted to overspend, it should provide a lot of extra interest in Saturday's results. Try out your "ideal" (and perhaps expensive) systems on paper, and at the same time you can plan the entry you really intend to make.

Treble-Chance Pools

Can you suggest a method for the treble-chance pool (7 selections giving the highest number of points out of 21 matches)?

Clearly the maximum of draws is required, and draws are the difficulty. My weekly stake is 2s.—A. M. M., Middleton-on-Sea.

Try using the "Graded Guide" as a basis for your selections. Ignore any matches which are in the first 20 in my home list, and arrange the other matches in a list according to the points shown by the "Guide." Choose four matches from each half of this list and enter these 8 matches in eight 3d. lines, leaving out a different match in each line.

Draws as Bankers

My friend and I share a permuted entry for the points pool, and our system requires six bankers. I always choose home bankers but my friend prefers draws. Which is the best way?—J. F., Kilmarnock.

It rather depends on your forecasting skill. Home bankers are the easiest to find, but lose more points when wrong. Still, *six* draws as bankers would be hopeless! Try including two draws in your bankers.

Correction

In the issue of October 8, a 12-line entry for the three draws pool was published in my reply to J. B., of Hackney. The sixth column of that entry was *incorrect* and the corrected table is given below:—

x x x x x x - - - - - -
x x - - - - x x x - - -
x - x - - - x - - x x -
- - - x x - - x - x - x
- x x - - - - - x x - x
- - - x - x - x x - x -
- - - - x x x - - - x x

My thanks to readers who pointed out this error.

Not So Hard

For our small syndicate, we have been using 8 bankers in a 12-results pool.

Now, some of them want to change to a 10-match pool so that there are fewer bankers to pick.

Apart from the possible differences in dividends, which do you think is easier?—R. H. B., Poulton-le-Fylde.

There is practically nothing in it, but personally, I would rather have only six bankers to pick. There are not quite so many chances of being wrong!

Allowing for Mistakes

Could you give me a table for entering nine forecasts in the 9-results pool? My weekly stake is 4s.—E. D., Salford.

The following entry will guarantee a correct line if any seven out of nine forecasts are correct.

- - A - A A A A
- A - A - A A A
A A - - A A - A
- A A A A - - A
A - - A A - A -
A - A A - - - A
A - A A - A - -
A A - - A - A -
- A A - - A A -

Systems to Pay

I do not agree with J. M. (Caterham), who does not believe in systems. If he spent his 10s. in the 3-draws pool, he could allow for as much as 50 per cent. error.

I have operated the following system and had a good many wins, although, of course, not a fortune.

Any team in the first four of the league tables at home to one of the last eight is a probable draw, if the bottom team has a reasonable defensive record.—W. N., Morecambe.

A quick check-up on past results indicates that this method gives a fair proportion of draws. Of course you need not spend as much as 10s. This method of selecting likely draws could be used with any of the entry tables (costing from 2s. upwards) which have been published in Pools Parliament from time to time.

Helpful Facts

You cannot hope to be successful in forecasting unless you keep records. In the hope of throwing light on forecasting problems, I am enclosing a record of the month of October for the past three years for Division I.

There is a lot of surprising information in this.—A. F., Mansfield (who receives half-a-guinea for his contribution).

Instead of publishing your detailed record, which would take up rather a lot of space, I have made a summary from it, which appears below:—

League Position.	Percentage analysis of results. Home record. W.	D.	L.	Away record. W.	D.	L.
1 to 5	55	34	11	17	15	68
6 to 11	53	29	18	23	31	46
12 to 16	54	27	19	9	27	64
17 to 22	59	17	24	24	26	50
	55	26	19	19	26	55

Plenty of food for thought here. Note particularly that league leaders away, or tail-enders at home, do not produce many draws. Some of the away records are surprising, too.

Thank you, A. F. I should be interested to study the figures for the other divisions.

Small investors in the pools will find useful information in *Sporting Life Weekly*, which publishes every Saturday special penny entries designed by "Poolex." This is one of the many useful features.

Graded Guide by "Poolex" (copyright)

Below are the games to be played on Saturday, October 22, not in the customary categories of League Divisions, but specially arranged to form a Graded Guide to the likely results of these matches. Six performances of each team have been assessed by awarding points for each performance on its merits.

Thus the likeliest Home Winners to choose from are at the top of the list. To pick likely away winners make your choice from those at the end.

Points in Favour of Home Teams.

70	Crewe v. Darlington	33	West Ham v. Newcastle
73	Fulham v. Southampton	32	Notts C. v. Ipswich
70	Cowdenbeath v. Dundee	31	Bradford v. Plymouth
59	York v. Barrow	30	Swindon v. Mansfield
53	Rotherham v. Halifax	27	E. Fife v. Dumbarton
52	Millwall v. Burnley	26	Third Lan. v. St. Mirren
50	Aston V. v. Leicester	23	Chesterfield v. Norwich
49	Motherwell v. Arbroath	21	Albion R. v. Queen's P.
44	Sheffield W. v. Coventry	19	Blackpool v. Stoke
43	Port Vale v. Walsall	18	Crystal P. v. Brighton
42	Derby v. Manchester U.	16	Gateshead v. Bradford C.
37	Hearts v. Aberdeen	14	Newport v. Exeter
		13	Swansea v. Luton
		12	Everton v. Leeds
		11	Sunderland v. Middlesbro
		10	St. Johnstone v. Falkirk
		7	Aldershot v. Reading
		6	Bury v. Notts F.
		5	Arsenal v. Preston
		4	Bristol C. v. Bristol R.
		3	Portsmouth v. Charlton
		2	Dundee v. Morton
		1	Rochdale v. New Brighton

Points in Favour of Away Teams.

Blackburn v. Tottenham	1	Northampton v. Cardiff	15
Darlington v. Lincoln	2	Brentford v. Chelsea	18
Watford v. Bournemouth	3	Forfar v. Montrose	19
Ayr v. Hibernian	4	Clapton O. v. Southend	22
Southport v. Barnsley	5	Raith R. v. Hamilton	23
Wolves v. Liverpool	6	Torquay v. Q.P.R.	25
Edinburgh v. King's P.	7	Kilmarnock v. Rangers	28
Grimsby v. Birmingham	11	Clyde v. Queen of S.	33
Doncaster v. Oldham	12	Leith v. Airdrie	35
Dunfermline v. Alloa	13	Carlisle v. Stockport	36
		Brechin C. v. St. Bernards	37
		Man. C. v. Sheffield U.	38
		Hartlepools v. Hull	39
		Tranmere v. W.B.A.	46
		Huddersfield v. Bolton	52
		Partick v. Celtic	55
		Stenhouse. v. E. Stirling	58
		Wrexham v. Chester	70

Rub away Sore Throat Pain

Relief comes fast when you rub Vick brand Vapour-Rub on throat and chest and cover with warm flannel. It acts direct through the skin and, at the same time, releases medicated vapours that you breathe in for hours direct to the irritated membranes. Working in these two ways, this famous cold-remedy soothes inflammation and pain, loosens phlegm, relieves coughing. By morning you feel like a new person.

VICK VAPOUR RUB

REV. . . . M.A. (OXON)
Finds Germoloids Invaluable for
PILES

Dear Sirs, Why on earth don't you advertise GERMOLOIDS more? By pure accident I saw a box in a shop which I had never entered before, and I have found them invaluable—far superior to any other prescription for Haemorrhoids. Make them as well known as Germolene . . .
Yours, Rev. . . . . M.A. (Oxon).

Founded upon the wonderful healing principle of the World Famous Germolene Brand Ointment, specially adapted to the internal treatment and relief of PILES, GERMOLOIDS are freeing thousands from this painful and distressing affliction. GERMOLOIDS not only relieve pain, but end smarting and itching; reduce swelling; heal, strengthen and protect. Get GERMOLOIDS to-day and GET RELIEF TO-NIGHT!

Germoloids
From Chemists, 1/3 per box of 12

SO EASY TO AVOID INDIGESTION

Fully 90 per cent. of stomach sufferers need never endure another twinge of indigestion if they kept the acidity of their stomach within bounds. Doctors agree that the quickest, safest way to alkalize an acid stomach is to take 'Milk of Magnesia' after meals. Thousands of former sufferers have discovered this unfailing way of avoiding indigestion, wind, nausea, sour repeating, and worse gastric troubles. Foods that once tortured them, they can now enjoy and digest to their heart's content. If you are subject to indigestion get 'Milk of Magnesia' and take it after your next meal. It makes food agree and eases digestion amazingly. You'll be delighted. Be sure to get 'Milk of Magnesia.' 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. All chemists.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Why be GREY?

Grey hair tells tales of years Hinden Hair Tint restores grey or faded hair to its original colour, Brown, Dark Brown, Light Brown or Black. Easy to apply. It has no grease, cannot be detected and is absolutely harmless. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers, 2/6 per bottle.

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FURTHER OUTLOOK NIPITS WEATHER
NIPITS
VOICE, THROAT & CHEST PASTILLES

TIP FOR MEN

How to stop your hands getting sore, hard, cracked or grimed from rough work...

WHEN the skin on your hands is sore, rough, hard or cracked, the best way to get your hands into good shape again quickly is to rub 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly well in. It's the best lubricant known

to science. It soothes and lubricates sore hands and skin like magic. Also 'Vaseline' Jelly shifts embedded grime out of your pores. Follow this tip every day after work and your hands will always be O.K.

NOTE: To *prevent* soreness or grime completely some men put 'Vaseline' Jelly on *before* they start work.

Vaseline Petroleum Jelly

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO. CONS'D., VICTORIA ROAD, LONDON, N.W.10.

1678

- then figure on 'DIGGER'

You can count on Digger for that little extra satisfaction and coolness which makes all the difference in a pipe. Player's make it good—smokers make it popular. Digger has a larger sale than any other Empire Tobacco in the country.

8d PER OZ.

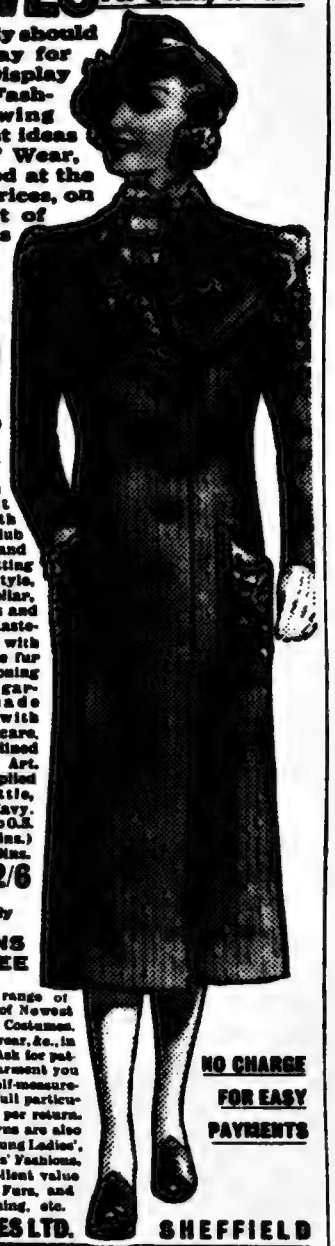
PLAYER'S **DIGGER** SHAG

ALSO FLAKE, MIXTURE & CUT PLUG

P.D.59

GRAVES Best in the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write today for Graves Display of latest Fashions showing the newest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at the keenest prices, on the fairest of Easy Terms



2/6 Monthly

Monaco

An attractive Model Coat beautifully produced in an excellent Velour with fashionable slub weave effect and cut in semi-fitting panel back style, with bold collar, patch pockets and sleeve heads tastefully trimmed with rich silky pile fur fabric in a toning shade. The garment is made throughout with painstaking care, and is fully lined with a plain Art. Silk Twill. Supplied in Rust, Bottle, Nigger, and Navy. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. (Busts: 32 to 38ins.) Length: 44 to 50ins.

Price **22/6**

Terms: 2/6 monthly

PATTERNS POST FREE

Write for full range of cloth Patterns of Newest Models: Coats, Costumes, Frocks, Underwear, &c., in latest styles. Ask for patterns of any garment you require with self-measurement Form & full particulars Sent Free per return. Styles & Patterns are also available of Young Ladies', Maids' and Girls' Fashions, & we offer excellent value in Footwear, Furs, and Matrons' Clothing, etc.

NO CHARGE FOR EASY PAYMENTS

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

CROSSWORD No. 129

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON page 26 is presented the 129th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles: you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors.

This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, LL.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, November 10, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in "JOHN BULL'S" free weekly Crossword Gazette, obtainable by enclosing with your entry the Reservation coupon on page 26. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

£4,000 in CASH PRIZES!

Have You Entered the Oxydol Contest?

A few minutes spent—that's all it will take to turn to p. 28—may win you one of many handsome cash prizes. Don't miss this unique opportunity. Turn to p. 28 now, while you think of it—then send in your entries. That £250 first prize may be yours for just a few words to complete a simple sentence!

THE NEED FOR A PLANNED CAREER WAS NEVER GREATER THAN IT IS TO-DAY.

IF you want to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, read Mr. Bennett's special message on page 4—then fill in the coupon for full details. It may make a wonderful difference to your future! Full particulars and free private advice will be sent on any subject mentioned in the announcement of the Bennett College, which has a staff of 197 in daily attendance—all at your service!

Ambitious Readers—

Don't overlook the Bennett College announcement on page 4.

A Super Bargain for Housewives

—that does away with Cleaning Slavery

Say good-bye to the drudgery of hands and knees behind dustpan and brush. Let the Dudley Electric Vacuum Cleaner free you from this back-breaking task. For full particulars of the model illustrated on p. 27 and also other models of interest to all housewives—

Send for Free Illustrated Catalogue by filling in the Coupon on p. 27.

£10 Cash Prize FREE! For Best Last Line to Limerick on Page 27.

THE proprietors of Zubes Pastilles for Throat and Chest offer a cash prize of £10 for the best Last line to any one of the three unfinished Limericks on page 27. Turn to them now—read the simple conditions, then send in your entry at once. Note closing date, October 29, 1938. You may send in as many entries as you like provided you comply with the rules. Don't forget to enclose your name and address! Address your entries: Dept. I.G., Zubes Limericks, Sunnydale, Derby. Now make a bee-line for that £10 note!

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/6 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrom Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars, Ladies' or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £4:19:6 or 5/6 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey - Archer Three-Speed Gear £5:11:0 Terms: 6/11 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles' & Tandems. Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

5/6 now

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

Post by WED. OCT. 26 TO WIN IN JOHN BULL'S GREAT PENSION and RADIO OFFER

30/- WEEKLY for LIFE OR £500

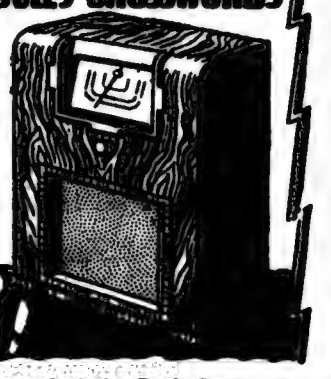
£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS FOR 2nd RUNNERS-UP

Over 500 RADIOS ALREADY WON IN 'JOHN BULL'S' CROSSWORDS

UP TO 40 FINE £8·8s SETS NOW OFFERED!

Cossor, Pioneers of radio, supply and fully guarantee these superb Superhet Receivers, one of which will be presented with each prize of £2.10 and over this week



NOW FOR YOUR X-WORD RADIO!

FIRST SUCCESS—LIFE PENSION!

Our 38th Pensioner

ENJOYMENT of a fascinating hobby, then a prize that will keep on augmenting your income, week after week, for the rest of your days—that is what taking up Crosswords to-day may well mean for you. Our latest reader to win a lifelong income from his hobby was the Crossworder who headed the result in last week's issue—Mr. C. Stopher, 8, Thorpe Avenue, Torrisholme, Morecambe.

"These 'John Bull' Crosswords are so simple and straightforward that no dictionary is needed," declared this 43-year-old traveller who, by capturing 30s. Weekly for Life in Crossword No. 126, has become our 38th Pensioner. "Examine each Clue carefully and make up your mind to enter. The week you miss may prove the week you might have won!"

Start Crosswords as your hobby to-night—and see that your entry for this week's 30s. Weekly Life Pension is posted by Wednesday next, October 26!

READ THESE RULES

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Thursday, October 27, 1938.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 8 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 10. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, November 15, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £500 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 35.

IDEAL HOME WITH FURNITURE AND £200 CASH FREE.

Each entrant of the two 1s. Entry Forms below, accompanied by necessary 2s. entry-fee, is entitled to enclose one Bullets coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Monster House—plus-Cash Offer. Coupons on page 39. See also enclosure privilege on "Bullets" page.

Competitors preferring a "TIME-SAVA" Entry Sheet should apply for "Crossword Gazette" by sending coupon on right.

ACROSS CLUES

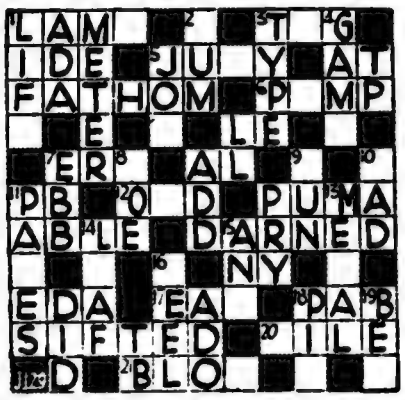
1. It's frequently dangerous for child to play with
3. Sometimes made fast to pocket
5. One expects good hotel to be booked for
6. Village fire-brigade usually parades with this
7. Go astray
12. Fairy stories which are this appeal most to child's imagination
17. Conscience
20. Mechanic occasionally uses for removing metal
21. Is likely to be felt by batsman

DOWN CLUES

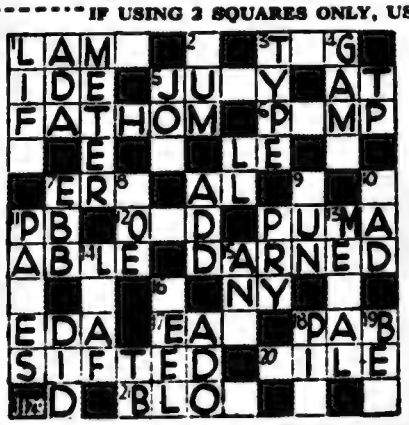
1. When inexperienced person starts working one he's apt to have difficulty
2. May be a stiff bat
4. People very frequently call on obliging neighbour to get this
5. Looking after a daughter's baby is occasionally one for mother
8. Eggs of fishes
9. Schoolchildren sometimes have during playtime
10. There may be times when bad lad makes his parents this
11. Sometimes set aside for fencing
13. This is frequently given for munition work in wartime
14. Used when preparing tea
15. Industrious little insect
16. It's easy enough to slip up on this
18. Is apt to get cranky
19. Young puppy needs little coaxing to make him do this

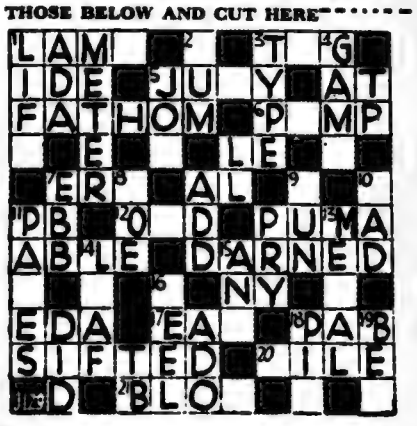
"CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES"

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 129. Closing Thursday, Oct. 27, 1938.



"IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE"





In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....No.....
With 2 squares send P.O. for 6d.
With 4 squares send P.O. for 1s.

2 SQUARES 6d.
4 SQUARES 1s.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

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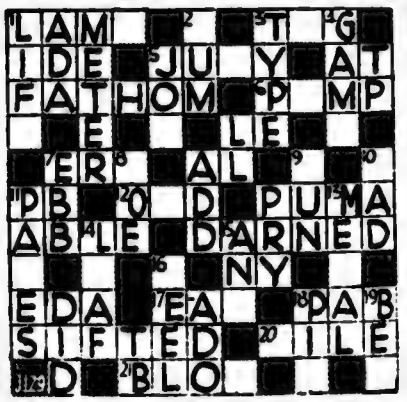
"CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES"

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 129. Closing Thursday, Oct. 27, 1938.



"IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE"

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....No.....
With 6 squares send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
With 8 squares send P.O. for 2s.

6 SQUARES 1s. 6d.
8 SQUARES 2s.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

"CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE"

USE THIS COUPON FOR FREE X-WORD AID

Affix 1½d. Stamp Here	Affix 1½d. Stamp Here

I have affixed 3d. in stamps for postage on "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets Bulletin." Please arrange:—

(a) A 6 weeks' Free supply.

(b) 6 weeks' extension of my present supply.
(Cross out line which is not applicable.)

Name .....

Address .....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 129, "JOHN BULL," 87, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

FIRST XMAS HAMPERS SUPPORT NEXT WEEK'S GIANT FIRST of £5 WEEKLY FOR LIFE WITH £10 EACH XMAS AND £1,000 FORTUNE!

"Bullets" Illustrated: *Now Dad's Got a Bike—His "Corporation" Reducing "Rate"!*

The Editor Laughs Last

POET (Wakefield).—"Alas, I fear I have not written anything that will live." Cheer up! Be thankful you are alive in spite of what you have written.

L. P. N. (Crewe).—"Her face lit up when she saw me." Now the days are drawing in it must be useful to have a luminous dial.

A. P. (Keswick).—"She dropped something to attract my attention, but I took no notice." You don't approve of such hanky-panky.

EXPLORER (London, W.).—"I once lived for three days on a tin of salmon." There wasn't much room to move, was there?

C. T. (Lambeth).—"Thousands of umbrellas are left in London 'buses and trains every year." By their owners or somebody.

R. V. (Rickmansworth).—"My neighbour says he has a marrow 4 ft. 6 in. long." He's been leading you up the garden.

A. Y. E. (Epsom).—"A friend gave me a tip for the 2.30 but the horse came in last." It's noble of you still to call him your friend.

D. L. (Deal).—"Now is the time to have your summer creeper pruned." But surely a jobbing gardener should have his hair cut at his own expense?

ESSIE (Tottenham).—"He told me he was in charge of a pumping-station, but I found out that he was a barman." Well?

F. F. (Tooting).—"My wife was very dissatisfied with the way I rolled the lawn." But we suppose you did your level best.

E. E. (Faversham).—"Demanding money with menaces is a serious crime in this country." Perhaps the people who send out the Final Demand Notes don't know this.

A. W. P. (Wembley).—"When our neighbour's house caught fire my husband rushed in and saved the gramophone." Apparently he lost his head in the heat of the moment.

TRAVELLER (London, W.).—"Some Red Indians now live in up-to-date bungalows." But to the old-fashioned brave in his wigwam, Running Water is still a name and not a modern convenience.

P. J. (Chelsea).—"My wife has become a football enthusiast since I took her to a match, and now she cheers so much that she loses her voice." That is an idea.

T. W. (Tadcaster).—"My marriage has been a queer experience. Before marrying I talked and she listened. After marriage, she talked and I listened. We're going on like this for always now, I suppose?" Oh, no. One day you're both going to talk and the neighbours will listen.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS:—"He also breeds Guernsey cattle, Irish GOLFHOUNDS and Great Danes."

ULVERSTON NEWS:—"... might become another 'Sudeten land,' if the exiles pressed for ANATOMY or repatriation."

BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO:—"... in refusing to pass plans for some HORSES in the Sturminster Marshall area ..."

THE CHESHIRE OBSERVER:—"After four MONTHS Bramham gave Rotherham the lead, but a minute later Foster equalised."

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"... and bore her age so well that she would have passed in any company for thirty years LONGER."

GREENOCK TELEGRAPH AND CLYDE SHIPPING GAZETTE:—"As pointed out, the new licensing by-law, which allows public BUSES in Gourock and Port Glasgow to remain open. ..."

W. P. (Royston).—"At the party he played the piano with his nose." By ear?

F. P. (Chester).—"My daughter is employed in one of the key industries." Typist?

SCIENTIST (Edgware).—"Astronomers are attempting to weigh light." The slimming craze is spreading to all classes.

J. P. (Hove).—"As a young doctor in Texas, I generally went on my rounds armed with a pistol." A case of "Physician, heel thyself."

JOURNALIST (London, E.C.).—"My impression of the airship was that it looked like a cigar in the sky, only longer." Like one of Lord Lonsdale's, then.

F. F. (Richmond).—"She has a very sour disposition and I can't imagine her as a happy bride." Perhaps she'll wear lemon-blossom.

J. D. (London, N.).—"I was born in Auchtermuchty." Lots of people can't say that.

T. B. (Broadstairs).—"She has the prettiest blush I've ever seen." Has she ever thought of appearing in colour films?

S. B. (Radley).—"People don't realise how much they owe to electricity." They do when the quarterly bills come in.

S. Y. (Roehampton).—"She flung her arms round the horse's neck and kissed it." Affection, or just learning to ride?

S. B. (Wantage).—"I always know when his car is outside the house." Does it knock at the front door?

PATRIOT (Edinburgh).—"Should a war break out, I would not be afraid of joining up." You are not, of course, the only septuagenarian who writes to us.

UNDERGRAD (Cambridge).—"I was fined five pounds for butting a policeman with my head during a rag." Now you know it doesn't pay to act the goat.

P. N. (Balham).—"Some mothers can never soothe their children." The little ones object to hot cigarette ash down the backs of their necks.

SERGEANT (Aldershot).—"A new recruit to the Army has amazing experiences during the first few weeks of his enlistment." Popeye the Soldier?

TAILOR (London, W.).—"A new idea is for husband, wife and children to wear coats of the same material." This has long been the fashion among tigers.

H. M. A. (Surbiton).—"One rarely feels at home in digs." Dig into one of those *Examples* on page 38—that's the way to an Ideal Home of your own with Furniture and £200 cash!

S. W. (Sheffield).—"Nothing infuriates women more than men wearing made-up bow ties." Men, on the other hand, are very tolerant about women with made-up faces.

W. M. (Hornsey).—"Feminine fashions actually show a tendency to return to the modes of a century ago." That brings the pictures of street scenes displayed in railway carriages practically up to date.

FILM ACTRESS (Hollywood).—"On my arrival in London I took a walk in Hyde Park but was rather disappointed with it." Presumably all the Press photographers were busy in the neighbourhood of Downing Street.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Dad . . . Buys a Present by Maz

Quick Relief from Backache

"Every Picture tells a Story."

Sluggish Kidneys cause Sharp or Nagging Pains, Aching Muscles and Joints and Urinary Disorders.

THERE is no need to suffer the torment that sluggish kidney action can cause. Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills will make you fit. They wake up lazy kidneys, so that these vital organs filter excess uric acid and other harmful impurities from the blood. This is the surest way to end sharp or nagging backache, urinary or bladder troubles, stiff aching muscles and joints. Take care of yourself! If a chill causes your kidneys to become congested, don't wait to be laid up with backache, rheumatism, lumbago or sciatica, but take Doans Pills. Then you will laugh at kidney ailments.

"I take Doans"

Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

All the better for a bath with a **Reckitt's Bath Cube**

MADE BY RECKITT & SONS, HULL & LONDON

ECZEMA

NEWS FOR SUFFERERS

A New Treatment of skin disorders has been discovered by Scientists who have recently been carrying out a number of laboratory and clinical tests on the values of Vitamins. These tests revealed that when certain Vitamins were present, diseased tissues and wounds healed much more readily. Good news for sufferers from skin troubles. The active "Skin Vitamin" is now contained in "HEALO" brand Antiseptic Ointment. If you suffer from Eczema, Psoriasis, Bad Leg or any other skin disorder, obtain a 1/3 or 3/- (3 times the size) tin, from your Chemist to-day, or post free from Dept. A, Curson, Gerrard & Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Oldbury, Birmingham.

HEALO Ointment

Now Revealed!
SECRETS of the famous
BREN GUN

A battalion armed with Bren guns equals the firing power of a Division using rifles. How does it work? What gives it the tremendous firing speed of 500 bullets a minute? In "Armchair Science," now on sale, there is a special illustrated feature giving details of this astounding new weapon. It is one of many vivid, interesting peeps into the wonderland of science, discovery and invention which makes "Armchair Science" such a fascinating magazine to read. Get your copy to-day.

Armchair Science 6d.
36 Articles and Features and 72 Illustrations. On Sale Everywhere.

PAINS IN BACK —positive relief!

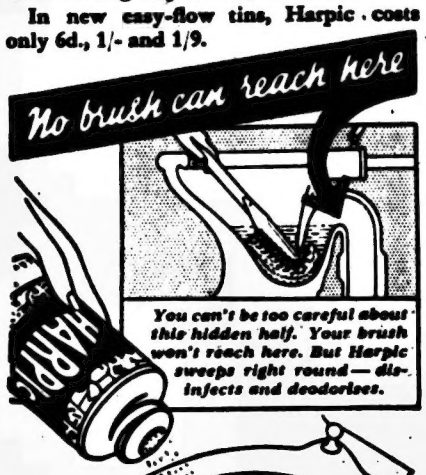
Excruciating backache—inflammation of the bladder—restless nights—dizziness—ALL end in a few days with Bole's Gin Pills, the wonderful Kidney and Bladder Medicine that works ten times out of ten. From chemists 1/3 and 3/- or post free from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 32/33a, Banner St., London, E.C.1. Write for FREE sample!

Hurry . . .
ENTER THE WEEKLY
OXYDOL CONTEST
on page 28
for Cash Prizes Value £4,000
This is positively a unique opportunity to enter a simple competition—a few words to complete a sentence!
CONTEST No. 7 CLOSES WEDNESDAY, OCT. 26
TURN TO PAGE 28 NOW! Send in Your Entries AT ONCE!

ARE YOU CLEANING ONLY HALF YOUR LAVATORY?

HARPIC not only keeps the bowl spotlessly white. It sweeps right round that hidden bend in the pipe, cleans thoroughly where no brush can ever reach. It disinfects and deodorises at the same time. You just sprinkle Harpic, leave as long as possible, then flush.

In new easy-flow tins, Harpic costs only 6d., 1/- and 1/9.


No brush can reach here
HARPIC
You can't be too careful about this hidden half. Your brush won't reach here. But Harpic sweeps right round—disinfects and deodorises.

CLEANS · DISINFECTS · DEODORISES
HARPIC for the lavatory
HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

Win BULLETS GIANT IDEAL

ONE WEEK TO WIN—USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

THIS week, in return for a few well-chosen words, you can win the Ideal Home of your Dreams, with new furniture of your own and a "John Bull" cheque for £200!

Already two "Bulleteers" have captured an Ideal Home. Now, thanks to this week's sensational "Bullets" 26th Birthday Celebration Offer, the next "John Bull" House can be yours. Remember—if you prefer a fortune instead, £1,000 cash is available. But neither of these enormous prizes can be yours unless you hurry for this huge One-week Opportunity.

To make a prize *Bullet*, simply select any of the *Examples* provided and first make a rough note of any idea it suggests. Then improve this to TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with the chosen *Example*.

For instance, against the *Example*, CAME TO GRIEF, you might scribble down *Through Thinking Of Nothing But Enjoying Himself*. This you could condense and improve to the typical *Bullet*, CAME TO GRIEF—THROUGH "CHASING PLEASURES ALONE."

Start *now* on the *Examples*, see that your "Ideal Home" entry is posted on or before Saturday, October 29, and Friday, November 11, may well bring you one of the most thrilling First Prize Joy Wires which JOHN BULL has ever despatched!

BRITAIN AND GERMANY
JUST PEACE
CAME TO GRIEF
TO BLOCK MARS' PATH
AFTER THE STORM
FOR THE YOUNG
TO HITLER
BEHIND CLOSED DOORS
THE BRAKES FAILED AND
IN MOTHER'S HANDS
WITHOUT SHELTER
MUTTERING
IF ONLY WE HAD MORE
AMONG FRIENDS
LIKE A MILLSTONE
INDUSTRY'S PRIZES
IT SEEMS CRAZY, BUT
JUDGING BY APPEARANCES
OUTSIDE
DRUNK WITH SUCCESS
MAN'S STRUGGLE
FOOLS
HONOURED NAME
NOW WE KNOW
MAKES ME MAD
TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE
DANGER TO ALL
CUT UP
ABANDONED
IN SEARCH OF A HOME
PEOPLE WHO SUFFER
HOW IT WILL END

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write name and full address on back of P.O.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW
Further Postal Bargains
EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON P. 27.

3'6 NOW 1'-

SURPLUS OFFER
Flight Lieutenant THREE-IN-ONE Proofed COATS!
FINAL CLEARANCE OFFER.
These coats are balance of an enormous order—small quantity more than were actually required. Cut military pattern with full belt. Prussian storm collar. Fawn and Grey coloured stormproof material. Adjustable sleeve-band to keep out wind. Ideal for Flying, Motoring or Town wear. Exceptionally smart. A coat to keep out the cold. All brand new and perfect. Chest measurement 36in., 3/6; 38in., 4/9; 40, 5/9; 42 and 44in., 6/9. Post and packing 1/- extra. Buttons can be adjusted 3in. if required. Proofing guaranteed 2 years.
MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.F.L.27), 91, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1

SENSATIONAL NOVELTY REDUCED! TO 9D EACH

POST 3D
Owing to laying down special plant and reorganising the British Factory, we are now able to offer this outstanding
"DOUBLE-WAVE" COMB
which Waves Hair without Heat or any other Appliance
at 9d. each, post 9d., a price that you cannot afford to miss. No matter whether short or long—simply comb your hair to produce beautiful natural waves. No curling irons, bother or mess. Will save you pounds in hairdresser's bills. The 48 specially shaped teeth give truly amazing results. Your money willingly refunded if not delighted. Send P.O. 1/- at once (stamps not accepted). De Luxe model in real ivt. tortoiseshell 2/6 post free.
MAIL PRODUCTIONS (J.F.6.29), 91, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1

GENUINE SURPLUS OFFER
NAVAL COAST GUARD TELESCOPES
3'11
POST & PKG 7D

Each one is optically perfect. Every piece examined. Last of Stock Must Be Cleared regardless of cost. Smashing reduction makes this an offer which should not be missed. These famous Telescopes have a perfect range of vision over several miles. Smooth action adjustment. Four-pull range finder. Heavily brass plated with all-weather body when closed. Amazing magnification, 9/11, post 7d. Few only 'Army Pocket' Model Telescopes. Marvellously powerful. Long range, 3/6, post 3d. Cash refunded if dissatisfied.
MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. YJ.B.9), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

10/6 Gift Cheque for Every Reader

Is there a "catch" in it? No! simply buy three 1/- packets of "Double-Life" 3-hole type Sheffield Steel Razor Blades (45 in all) at 3/- post 6d. and receive by return the 45 blades, 10/6 Gift Cheque and Watch and Chain as illus. ABSOLUTELY NOTHING MORE TO PAY! A truly amazing offer which you cannot afford to miss. Send P.O. for 3/6 at once to:
MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. B.W.J.10), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 1,140

First Prize, £1 Weekly for Life, or £250 Cash:

Bdr. C. B. Nightingale, c/o 3, Hazel Avenue, Hunt Hill, North Shields.
Example: MAN TO HELP
Bullet: "THANKS, LADY!" "HERE, CHUM ——"
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £25:

G. HART, 142, Hillmorton Road, Rugby.
Example: It's Only A Village, Yet
Bullet: Helps Feed "Devouring" Town.

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

Miss B. WHEATLEY, 3, Park Avenue, Dundee, Angus.
Example: Mrs. Brown Popped In And
Bullet: *My* "Flight" Postponed "Crisis."

OTHER PRIZES:

£9: C. WHITTAKER, 25, Kemp Street, Blackburn.
Get Busy, Neville—Pluck Nettles From *Wheatfields!*

£8: F. H. BROWN, 3, Clayton Road, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Understanding Wife—Knows Office "Keeps" *Her.*
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£7: J. D. LLOYD, Glennydd, Tresaith, Cards.
Power For Peace—Ordinary Chap's "Charged With."

£6: E. W. DAVIS, 31, Raglan Road, Bristol.
Cloudless Skies—And "Poppies," Perfect Picture.

£5: L. A. CORNISH, 9, Woodland Way, Bristol.
Understanding Wife—"Backer" Scorning To Bicker.

£4: H. COOK, 263, Cavendish Street, Ipswich.
Man To Help—Men To Hell, Warmonger.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£3: F. D. WELLS, Greatfield, Framfield, Sussex.
Dropped On—"Brick," Foreman—Foreman, Brick!

The original cheque for £300 chosen by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,139 will be displayed in the window of Mrs. Wood, 460, Oldham Road, Manchester.

10 OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mrs. C. L. ALDRIDGE, 65, Tivoli Crescent, Brighton.
Good Pupil—Sonny—Prize, Larger Satchel!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

L. A. BACK, 61, Mayfield Avenue, N. Finchley, N.
There'll Be A Row If—Pacifists' Warmongering Goes Unsilenced.

Mrs. L. M. BLAKE, 47, Horncastle Road, Lee, London, S.E.
In A Flash—"For He's—" Drowned "Tipperary."

W. H. CAREY, 12 Brereton Street, Glasgow.
Adding To Her Troubles—Without Increasing Attraction, "Reducing."

Mrs. E. EASTWOOD, 13, Palatine Street, Rochdale.
His Enemy—Signed Letter, "A Friend."

A. H. JAMES, 80, Waterlow Road, Dunstable, Beds.
Granny's Remedy—Robbed Hedgerow—Restored "Flower."

G. G. SMITH, 2, Lodge Road (shop), Tonbridge, Kent.
Becoming Mechanical—Way Dad's Car *Stops!*
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

C. SPRATLEY, 5, Limeway Terrace, Dorking, Surrey.
When Everybody Flies—Before Bore "Makes Contact."

W. A. WEST, 8, Ranmore Road, Dorking.
It's Only A Village, Yet—Curate Has Nine Pullovers!

D. WHITTINGHAM, "Berkeley," Winsford Gardens, Westcliff-on-Sea.
Becoming Mechanical — Armies — Becoming Human, Dictators?
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

A list of 50 Winners of Cases of Groceries and 200 Surprise Award Winners can be seen at these offices.

ANOTHER LIFE PENSION AND 'BULLETS' TURKEYS NEXT WEEK!

HOUSE PLUS CASH FIRST PRIZE!

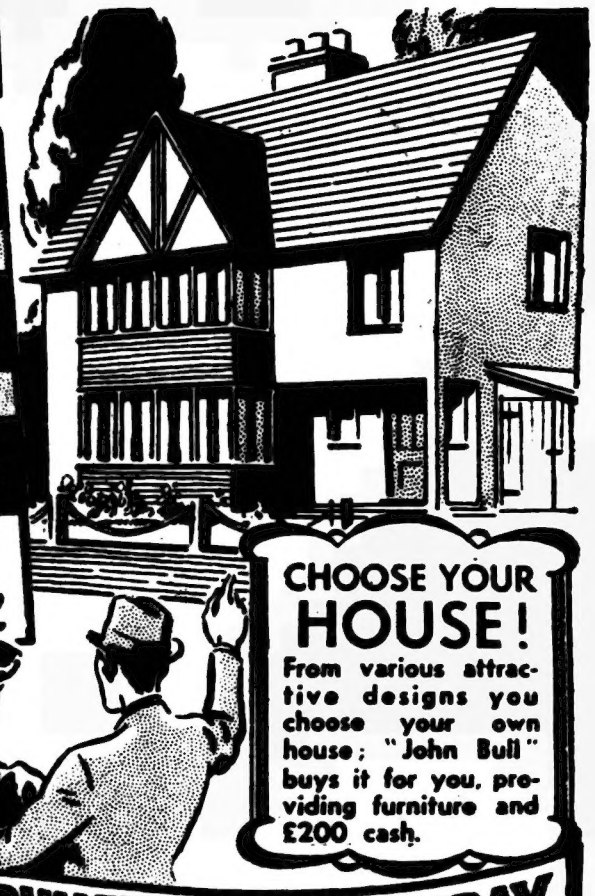
HOME

COMPLETE WITH **FURNITURE & £200 Cash**

OR

£1,000

IF WINNER PREFERS SINGLE PRIZE



CHOOSE YOUR HOUSE!

From various attractive designs you choose your own house; "John Bull" buys it for you, providing furniture and £200 cash.

CELEBRATING "BULLETS" 26TH BIRTHDAY

1 1 4 3

BIG NEW BONUS OFFER WITH EVERY AWARD

£100	£25	£10
2ND PRIZE	3RD PRIZE	4TH PRIZE

£9	£8	£7	£6	£5	£4

10 of £3 | **50 NEW £1-1s. BIRTHDAY SURPRISES**

THOUSANDS OF OTHER PRIZES — **ONE WEEK ONLY** — **CLOSING POSTMARK SAT., OCT. 29**

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,143) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., Oct. 29. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of two, three or four words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,143) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., Oct. 29. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,143) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., Oct. 29. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Address .....

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,143) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., Oct. 29. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Save Money on Entries — With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage.

Make Postal Order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,143 and Crossword No. 129, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,143 usually purchase "John Bull."

CUT ROUND THIS LINE.

RETAIN THIS VOUCHER

to enclose with entry for Next Week's

BIG PENSION OFFER

XMAS HAMPER VOUCHER

FOR ENCLOSURE WITH YOUR ENTRY FOR *NEXT* WEEK'S CONTEST!

I certify that I entered..... "Bullets" for IDEAL HOME Offer, Competition No. 1,143. Accordingly, I claim the Christmas Hamper Privilege announced in "John Bull" dated October 29. I enclose....."Bullets" for Competition No. 1,144.

SIGNED_____

ADDRESS_____

_____

If cutting out Advertiser's Coupon overleaf, only part of above Voucher will remain—but this will be accepted as complete Voucher.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,143, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

3/- DOWN AND 3/- MONTHLY

FEATHER DOWN QUILT value 30/-
BEDSPREAD value 10/-
~~40/-~~

18/11 COMPLETE
3/- DOWN & 3/- MONTHLY

Brings this

BARGAIN SET COMPLETE
FEATHER DOWN QUILT & FREE BED SPREAD

Double Bed Size

100% ART SILK TAFFETA
In lovely shades
GOLD · BLUE
ROSE · GREEN

No Charge for Credit

SENSATIONALLY LOW-PRICED!

Think of all the extra things you'll be able to buy for your home with the money you save on this marvellous Quilt and Spread Set! The value is truly SENSATIONAL—we guarantee you a saving of 15/- to 21/- on the price you would have to pay for this same set outside of Ward's.

Be convinced by facts! See the prices asked by big cash stores and other dealers for Quilt and Spread Sets of this quality. You'll soon realise what a genuine bargain this is—you'll find the Quilt **alone** sells for 30/- or more, and the Bedspread for 10/-!

Both Quilt and Spread are of rich, lustrous 100% Art Silk Taffeta in a choice of four warm, glowing colours of GOLD, BLUE, ROSE, or GREEN. The Quilt is generously filled with soft, springy feathers—light in weight but gloriously warm.

FREE Bedspread to match, richly embroidered as illustrated. FULL DOUBLE BED SIZE 6 ft. by 5ft.! State No. and colour required when ordering. Order No. F2Q/1500. Price of Set complete 18/11.

Picture this rich, colourful Set in your bedroom . . . imagine how gay and warm-looking it will make it. Then remember: just 3/- will bring it to you right away—thanks to Ward's convenient Monthly Thrift Plan. Enjoy the warmth and luxury of this beautiful Set immediately . . . pay for it little by little, with NO CHARGE FOR CREDIT.

ORDER ON APPROVAL to-day. Our Money Back Guarantee absolves you from paying a single penny piece if not absolutely satisfied with the bargain. Even the cost of return carriage is refunded with your deposit payment!

MW VALUE

Send for Big Free Catalogue.

PIN 3/- P.O. TO COUPON

Order No. F2Q/1500

MARSHALL WARD LTD.
WEMBLEY · LONDON

To MARSHALL WARD Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Wembley, London.

I enclose 3/- for Combination Quilt and Spread Offer No. F2Q/1500, to be sent to me On Approval. If I return same you are to refund my full Postal Order, and also cost of return carriage. Otherwise, I will pay 3/- each month until your Special Price plus 11d. postage is paid.

State Colour of Quilt.....
(Colour of Spread will match Quilt)

Name { Husband..... *(State first and last names in full)*
Wife..... *(If unmarried please state age.....)*

Address.....

Town..... County.....

Occupation .....

Have you bought from us before?.....

(16) 22/10/38. *This offer applies only in England, Scotland, & Wales* 103

J.B.L.42 29★

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